

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

MARCH 9, 1959

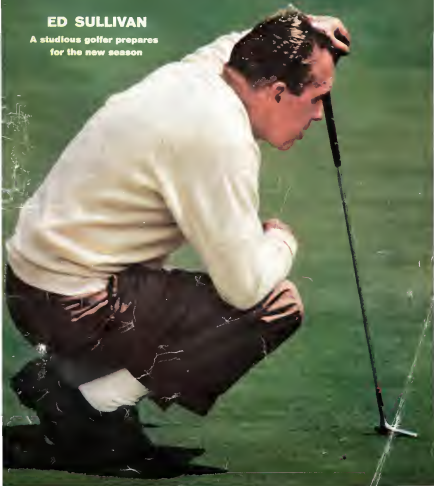
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COVER: Ed Sullivan ▶

A careful and conscientious student of golf tells in an article beginning on page 31 how he can get his game ready for the summer season with proper winter preparation.

Photograph by Farrell Grehan

Next week



▶ A Preview of the only U.S. world championship road race—the Sebring 12 Hour with all the entries and a roundup of the leading American driver, Phil Hill.

▶ Taking a new look at a favorite playground, Carlton Mitchell tours the top beaches, rating and fun sections of the Tampa Bay country on Florida's sunny west coast.

▶ On the eve of the annual NCAA tournament, SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's basketball department assays the teams in the draw and presents its choice of the nation's top 20.

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MEMO from the publisher



FOR readers of SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and the million people in this country who make sailing a constantly growing sport, 1959 bids fair to bring more activity than ever. Judging by the comment we have already received on the instructional series by Lightning Champion Bill Cox (*Mastery of Small Boat Sailing*, SI, Feb. 23 and March 2) some of this activity is going to be at a new level of proficiency.

As I finished Cox's lessons on how to tune, rig and sail a small boat, it seemed the time to ask Boating Editor Ezra Bowen what further sailing articles are projected for this season.

To begin with, Bowen pointed out, in this issue is Carleton Mitchell's report on Miami's One-of-a-Kind Regatta, which holds special interest for small-boat sailors because it tests the relative speed of the one-design classes. And the owner of the winner is Bill Cox himself.



Next week we visit St. Petersburg, Fla., in one of the country's most boat-populated areas. Against four pages of color photographs Carleton Mitchell describes the phenomenon of this water-oriented city—starting point for many big races and frequently for Mitchell as well, who is a three-time southern-circuit champion.

Sailing is boats and places—and also personalities. Later on comes a CONVERSATION PIECE with the No. 1 brother act in sailing, Bus and Bobby Mosbacher. An insight into their techniques and tactics, it will also be an advanced seminar in fleet and match racing.

For those who cruise, under sail or power, Meet Lund will report on the island-studded north shore area of Lake Huron, which offers not only rare scenery, fishing and tests of seamanship, but laudible variations in hiking and climbing.



During this summer's Snipe championships a half dozen Snipe champions will explain both why and how they sail this most popular of class boats.

As for ocean racers, one of the favorites in this year's Honolulu race is so fascinating in her rigging that as part of its preview SPORTS ILLUSTRATED will do a complete dissection of her. Then Carleton Mitchell, the only man who has twice running won the Bermuda Race, the eastern classic, will climb aboard her to report the western classic—from what looks like a pretty good vantage point.

And from my own vantage point, it looks like a pretty brisk year.

Harry R. Phipps

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THE QUESTION: *If you had \$30,000 to spend for a boat, what kind would you buy?*



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TRUMAN DODSON
Vice-president
Lehigh-Boone
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Bethlehem, Pa.

I own a yawl boat, the 35-foot cutter *Michiel*, the epitome of what anyone would want in a boat. She was designed by seven racing enthusiasts who built and competed with her. I was lucky to get her from a naval architect in Annapolis. Twice *Michiel* would be my choice.

continued

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NOTEBOOK



**REAR ADMIRAL
FRANK A. LEARY**
*Superintendent
Coast Guard Acad.,
New London, Conn.*

I wouldn't. After a life spent at sea, I'd buy a chicken farm. But since you put me down, I'd buy a motor sailer, with a small amount of sail. It's comfortable, large, a good sea boat and economical, most important for a Coast Guard officer.



ANDRE BARUCH
*Editor and TV
announcer
Harrison, N.Y.*

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GERRY WADE
*Meat Fish and Game
Department
Skaneateles, N.Y.*

My choice would be a seaworthy cabin cruiser that was equipped with twin motors of 125 horse or more for luxurious cruising along Maine's 2,330 miles of coast line. On occasion, I would want to follow the coast line down to Florida. No, not through the inland waterway. That's for landlubbers.



S. W. MACLACHLAN
*Sugar company
executive
Caguas, P.R.*

One of the 110-foot sub chasers built in the first World War. There are some still around. After the war they sold for \$3,000 and made great rum runners. I'd install a diesel capable of 10 knots and make a luxury boat out of her. The ship would be ideal for weekends, and my friends would be the crew.

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Tournament births were disappearing as fast as ice cream at a kindergarten birthday party as both the NCAA and NIT reached out with grasping hands. Conference champions already in the NCAA were Michigan State (Big Ten), 74-61 (Southwest), West Virginia (Southern), Kansas State (Big Eight), St. Joseph's (Mid-Atlantic), St. Mary's (West Coast), Idaho State (Rocky Mountain) and Eastern Kentucky (Ohio Valley), while Marquette, DePaul, Portland, Louisville and Navy were tapped for at-large bids. Defending champion Kentucky, tied with honored Auburn for second place, was selected to represent the Southeastern after first-place Mississippi State decided that it could not compete against Negroes on the same field. California (Pacific Coast), Utah (Skyline), Cincinnati (Missouri Valley) and Connecticut (Yankee) also mixed within reaching distance.

The NIT, forced to lounge among the nation's independents and some conference also-rans, locked up St. John's, Villanova, Oklahoma City, Providence, St. Bonaventure, Butler, Fordham, NYU and Manhattan and was ineptly snafu waiting for St. Louis and Bradley to be eliminated in the Missouri Valley.

THE SOUTH

Overrated Mississippi State, making the most of Tennessee's 56-55 upset of Auburn, trampled Tulane 65-51 as Bailey Howell raised his conference total to 2,094 points to break Bob Pettit's record, then patiently waited out stalling Mississippi 23-16 to win its first SEC crown. But before the Maroons could rejoice came the decision that everyone expected. Ruled President Ben Hilburn, State could not go to the NCAA tournament because it was contrary to state policy and custom "to participate in tournaments in which integrated teams are entered."

If State was chagrined by the news, Kentucky, pushed into the NCAA through the back door, hailed it as an extraordinary piece of good fortune. Meanwhile, Kentucky's Adolph Rupp, incensed at Alabama's showdown failure in a game which the Wildcats won 48-32, took dead aim at the Crimson Tide's Gene Lambert. Creaked Rupp: "That kind of basketball will empty coliseums faster than good coaches can fill them." Replied Lambert: "I'm tired of being badgered by Rupp because we don't play his type of game. Any time Rupp can't put on a show, he feels that he is being mistreated."

West Virginia overpowered Davidson, 100-65, William and Mary 85-82 and The Citadel 85-66 to win its fifth straight

Southern Conference tournament. But North Carolina and North Carolina State, warming up for the Atlantic Coast playoffs, ran into trouble. The Tar Heels were upset by Virginia 65-68; State succumbed to fired-up Eastern Kentucky 71-69.

THE HIGHEST

Michigan State's rollicking rebounders never lost their pulse or their control as they nudged aside taller Indiana 86-82 at Bloomington to win their first undisputed Big Ten title. Limber-legged Johnny Green, the biggest 6-foot-5 player in the conference, outpaced 6-foot-10 Walt Bellamy off the boards, held the glass hooter in 18 points and put away 20 himself to share scoring honors with Bob Anderson.

Cincinnati, growing stronger as it began to pick up the NCAA steam, rumbled over Tulsa 92-69, Dequette 88-69 and Houston 78-66, and the rough-shoed Bearcat of them all was marvelous Oscar Robertson, who flipped in 313 points and moved closer to his second major-college scoring championship. But Cincinnati, not quite out of the woods in the Missouri Valley, still had to beat Bradley or St. Louis. Big Eight champion Kansas State flopped old rival Kansas 87-77 before 17,000 at Lawrence.

THE EAST

The Ivy League title, as well as an NCAA invitation, was still in doubt after Princeton lurched front-running Dartmouth into its jam-packed Dillon Gym and took the Indians apart 81-67 to force a tie for first place. The Dartmouth 2-3 zone, so effective at Hanover a week earlier, failed to stop rugged Carl Belt, who drove through it in the first half, and hot-handed Jim Brannan, who shot over it in the second half. The smaller but determined Tigers

THE NATION'S BEST

THE EAST	1 St. Joseph's (25-3)
	2 Navy (16-5)
	3 NYU (11-6)
THE SOUTH	1 Kentucky (27-2)
	2 Mississippi State (24-1)
	3 North Carolina (18-3)
THE SOUTHWEST	1 TCU (18-5)
	2 Oklahoma City (19-5)
	3 SMU (15-8)
THE MIDWEST	1 Kansas State (27-1)
	2 Cincinnati (21-2)
	3 Michigan State (16-3)
THE WEST	1 California (20-4)
	2 St. Mary's (17-4)
	3 Utah (15-5)



CONSUMED by anguish, Cal's Pete Newell looks pained (left), then buries his face in over-present towel as Bears beat USC.

outraged Dartmouth's talented Rudy LaRusso underneath to sweep the boards clean, finally broke the game wide open midway in the second half and left it up to left Ball Handler Arnie Klein to control a late freeze. Next night, Princeton outlasted **Harvard** 73-65 and Dartmouth put down **Penn** 69-63 as the two teams, harring aparts in their final games, headed for a playoff.

Navy used a shifting zone to contain Arno's Darryle Kruus and Lee Sager and shook lanky Jay Mizelner loose for 22 points to beat the Cadets 69-52-86. Joseph's skipped past **Drexel Tech** 82-59 and **Georgetown** 98-86 for 10 straight; **Manhattan's** intricate patterns outlanked **St John's** 70-65 in overtime; **NYU**, looking more and more like the best in New York, outshot **Fordham** 69-59.

THE SOUTHWEST

The race was over in the SWC, but there were still some kicks left for the runners-up. **SMU**, beaten twice by **TCU**, entertained the champion **Frogs** at home and took them down a peg 72-74 on Bobby James's two foul shots with two seconds to play. Bice's dead-panned Tom Robettaille, bustling around underneath the basket, put up 36 points as the Owls smothered **Baylor** 94-64 and added 42 more as **Texas A&M** fell 74-67.

THE WEST

California's towel-chomping Coach Pete Newell was in typical form *see above* while his Bears were outdefending **Oregon State** 57-40, **USC** 79-64 and **Washington State** 65-45 to clinch at least a share of the last PCC title. **Washington** collapsed **Idaho** 74-51 to stay alive, but the Bears ran win it all by beating **Oregon State**.

Skyline leader **Utah** was having its troubles staying ahead of **Draper**. Big Pearl Pollard gathered in 20 rebounds and scored 27 points, including a last-second tip-in in overtime, to square the Utes past **Brigham Young** 76-74. Two nights later, **Utah** got wound up in another gasper, finally downed **Utah State** 66-63. Baby-faced Bobby Dodd flipped in three baskets in overtime to give **St. Mary's** a 58-57 win over **COP** and the West Coast championship.

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A roundup of the sports
information of the week

faces in the crowd . . .



MRS. BAYARD RUSTIN, Wilmington, Del., joined husband at Hialeah for running of the \$135,800 Flamingo, stepped into winner's circle after couple's Truist beat favored First Landing.

KARL JOHNSTONE, Phoenix high school track star training under Coach Vernon Wells (Dallas Long was a former pupil), broke into high school record with time of 1st 11' 11" miles.



LIBERTY was declared official winner Daytona 500-mile sweepstakes after NASCAR new features, admitted "human error" and took victory from first-announced winner Johnny Beauchamp.

LONNIE, 31, of Meriden, Conn., ranked 14th nationally, won the national women's indoor tennis championship when she defeated Candie Wright of Brooklyn, 6-2, 4-6 at Brookline, Mass.



DAVID JENKINS, 22-year-old premedical student of Colorado Springs, met challenge of Canada's Don Jackson and the U.S.'s Tim Brown, world's best figure skater, to win at Colorado Springs.

BEN HICKSCHER, 23, an ex-Harvard student now serving in Army Intelligence, defeated J. Smith Chapman, Montreal, won national amateur squash championship at Cambridge, Mass.



DR. C. C. KIRK, 60-year-old Columbus, Ohio, psychiatrist, spent last 10 years improving his golf game, got biggest reward when he shot his first hole in one on West Palm Beach course.

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COMING EVENTS

March 6 to March 12

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Friday, March 6

BASKETBALL (college)

MAA College Division Tournament, regional, Evansville, Ind.; Western, 82; Goodings, 5; Dak., Springfield, Mo.; Burlington, Vt.; Pacific Coast and eastern also to be announced; also March 7

BOXING

Ortega vs. Redd, winners, Toledo, Mod. Sq. Garden, New York 10 p.m. (NBC)

GYMNASIUM

Eastern Intercollegiate Individual Gymnasium champs., Pittsburgh; also March 7

SWIMMING

National 15 km. and 50 km. champs., Steamboat Springs, Colo.; also March 7
National Aquatic Championships and Beach Cup, Aspen, Colo.; through March 8

SKATING

U.S. International Skating champs., Princeton, N.J.; through March 8

TENNIS

Pro Tour, Washington, D.C.

Saturday, March 7

AUTO RACING

U.S.A. Sports Car Race, Fontana, Calif.; also March 8

BASKETBALL (college)

Continents at Brooklyn, 5 p.m. (NBC)
Tennis at Michigan State

Ministry at Kansas State; Big Ten Regional, Sports Network, Inc.

Northwestern at Illinois; Mid-Southwest Regional, Sports Network, Inc.

SKATING

U.S. All 20-Ten and Four-Man champs., Lake Placid, N.Y.; also March 8

HOCKEY

Shutout at Montreal

New York at Chicago, 2:30 p.m. (CBS)

HORSE RACING

San Antonio Derby, \$100,000, Santa Anita, Calif.; 3:45 p.m. P.S.T., CBS Pacific Northwest, 7:35 p.m. E.S.T., NBC Radio

Leviathan Derby, \$40,000, Fair Grounds, New Orleans

TENNIS

Pro Tour, Evansville, Ind.; also March 8

TRACK & FIELD

New York K of C Meet, Mod. Sq. Garden, New York

Regional Games, Uthman, N.Y.

Barker Games, Laredo, Texas

Sunday, March 8

BASKETBALL (pro)

Timpani at Boston

Detroit at New York

Philadelphia at Syracuse

St. Louis at Minneapolis, 2:00 p.m. (NBC)

SWIMMING

Int'l. Jumping Competition, Steamboat Springs, Colo.

Monday, March 9

BASKETBALL (college)

Seaboard at Kansas State

St. Louis at Cincinnati

TENNIS

Pro Tour, Boston

TRACK & FIELD

Metropolitan Journal Games

Tuesday, March 10

HOCKEY

Metropolitan at Detroit

Wednesday, March 11

BOXING

West vs. Golden Gloves Tournament, Seattle, Chicago, 10 p.m. (ABC)

TENNIS

Pro Tour, Cincinnati

Thursday, March 12

BASKETBALL (college)

Seaboard vs. Wayne, Mod. Sq. Garden, New York through March 21

HOCKEY (pro)

St. Louis at New York, Troy, N.Y. through March 14

SWIMMING

Eastern Intercollegiate Swimming champs., New Haven, Conn.; through March 14

*See local listing



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AND NOW TROILUS

Two notable racing pictures tell the story of last week's \$135,800 Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah and how a man trusted in the Lord and his own judgment to win a big upset

by **WHITNEY TOWER**

FIVE DAYS before the 30th running of the Flamingo Stakes at Hialeah last Saturday, the cloud of complacency which has been hanging over Eastern Thoroughbred racing for the past six months started to disintegrate. Raregoers suddenly turned their attentions away from the Meadow Stable's First Landing, last year's undisputed 2-year-old champion, and toward a bright new figure on the American racing scene named Troilus.

Not only had First Landing lost his first start of the season three weeks ago, but even when he came back to win The Everglades stakes ten days

before the Flamingo he had had to go all out to manage it by the shortest of necks. Some experts filled the muggy air over Miami with the thought that First Landing seemed to be slightly overtrained, while others contended that his difficult races last year (SI, Nov. 3) had drained him of much of his competitive flourish.

But when Troilus shattered Hialeah's track record for a mile and a sixteenth on the Monday before the Flamingo in 1:42½ (topping Iron Liege's old record by two-fifths of a second), many thought that at long last some fresh excitement was final-

ly being funneled into the 3-year-old division. Troilus, while he did not have the pedigree or the record of First Landing, was a steadily improving colt. His owner, Bayard Sharp, of the Wilmington Du Pont family, had picked him up for a paltry \$9,000 and watched him finish in the money in six of seven minor races last year, win two of three this season at Hialeah.

Sharp looked at his situation as coolly as possible before the race. "I honestly think," he said, "that this is more than an ordinary horse and that we have some chance to knock off the big boy. If I'm a little nervous about it, I compare it to going into the ring with Jack Dempsey. But in this business once you have your horse ready, you have to take a crack at the big races—and once you do, it's all up to the Lord."

Sharp and his trainer, Charlie Peoples, were not leaving everything to

STRETCH PHOTO TAKEN FROM BEHIND SHOWS SUPERIORITY OF TROILUS WITH THREE-LENGTH LEAD OVER OPEN VIEW WITH FIRST



the Lord, however. They told their jockey, 34-year-old Chris Rogers, that if Greentree Stable's Eurusa went to the front from the start to stay just behind him. Their plan worked perfectly: Eurusa went to front immediately, and Troilus was running easily just behind him. Then, when Eurusa shortened stride after three-quarters of a mile, Troilus took the lead.

Although First Landing was in a menacing position throughout, shuttling between fourth and third, his one attempt at a big run fizzled. The closest he could get to Troilus was third (behind Open View) and, as his rider, Eddie Arcaro, said later, "I was in a garden spot but he just couldn't run after seven-eighths of a mile."

One race, of course, cannot herald the arrival of a champion, nor can it totally demean a racer like First Landing. Naturally, there will be other horses heard from before the racing clans gather at Churchill Downs for the May 2 Kentucky Derby. This week nearly everyone will be looking toward California's Santa Anita Derby, where a hatful of hopefuls like Finnegan, Ole Fois, Royal Orbit and the undefeated filly, Silver Spoon, will try to join Troilus and First Landing as choice prospects for this year's classic 3-year-old races.

END



ALERTNESS AT GATE by Troilus (second from right), Open View (fourth from right), First Landing (checkered blinkers) helped them win first three positions.

LANDING THREE LENGTHS FARTHER BACK. WINNER'S NAME DERIVES FROM HIS SIRE PRIAM II

Photo by [illegible]



THE CAT LEADS A REVOLUTION

After 10 years the twin-hull catamaran comes into its own, and small-boat racing will never be the same

by CARLETON MITCHELL

LAST WEEK, on the dancing, sun-drenched waters of Biscayne Bay, the seeds of a revolutionary change in a sport were sown. When the spray had settled and the final results were posted, it was obvious small-boat racing would never again be the same. The catamaran had come of age.

Forty of the hottest vessels and crews afloat had been assembled by invitation for *Yachting* magazine's fourth One of a Kind Regatta. As the name implied, no two boats were alike: it was class against class, type against type, in an effort to settle the recurrent argument of which class is fastest. No finer fleet had ever been brought together. Established classes sent their champions or near champions, and only outsiders of reputation were allowed to enter prototypes and experimental craft.

Yet the emphasis was not on skippers but boats. Special rules were devised to keep tactical maneuvers to a minimum and prevent a lucky gambler from finding a favorable slant. Within three minutes after the starting gun, all vessels were required to be on the port tack and hold it until the weather mark could be fetched or almost fetched on starboard tack. An intermediate buoy halfway up the leg had to be left to port, forcing the fleet to stay in the same air. The only exception allowed was a short clearing tack if backwinded.

And the fast catamarans simply creamed the single-hull craft. In four of the five races and in the straight-away speed trial catamarans finished one-two-three on corrected time, paced by a bright-red twin-hulled flyer named *Tigercat* which often flew so fast she left a regular rooster-tail of spray in her wake (right). In the words of her owner, Bill Cox, two-time international Lightning champion (SI, Feb. 23 *et seq.*), she "went like a bomb," finally ending with a score of four firsts and one second.

Built to repel an invasion by the

English catamaran designer and expert Roland Prout, *Tigercat* did just that, due in part to skillful handling by Eric Olsen, 1954 One of a Kind winner and 1956 Olympic representative, and his crew Glen Foster—but it took a cat to beat a cat. Prout wound up second in over-all standings in *Coway Cat*, and one of his earlier designs, *Shearwater III*, finished fourth despite a disastrous final race. The canoe sailed by the perennial champion Lou Whitman earned a well-deserved third. But, as someone commented, "A sailing canoe is only a catamaran with a single hull in the water, if you're good enough to balance it."

The design breakthrough in the cats was as dramatic and sudden as entry into outer space. In the last One of a Kind series of 1954, the catamarans had gotten nowhere. They were sluggish in light air, tacked with difficulty, lacked windward ability and could not compete in reaching or running with the true planing hulls—the scows and such developments as the 5-0-5, which won. This time the best of the cats were able to do everything, and they proved their worth in everything except speed in drifting conditions—of which there were none, since all events were sailed in moderate to fresh winds. But no one doubted their improvement here, either.

From a vantage point as crew member aboard the Class A scow in the first two races, I was in a good position to appreciate how swift catamarans have become. Scows are traditionally the fastest of class vessels. They had won the regattas of 1949 and 1952, and at 38 feet over-all the A scow is a big boat. By comparison *Tigercat* was 17 feet over-all and 15 feet 10 inches on the waterline.

After the start, we worked through the fleet and established a good lead on the windward leg. But dogging our stern were the hot cats, *Tigercat*, *Coway Cat*, *Shearwater* and *Wild-*

cat. Fantastic seemed the word for *Tigercat* to windward. In every race she was among the leaders at the weather mark. But off wind *Tigercat* was even more astonishing, actually closing the gap between it and the A scow. (In the fourth race *Tigercat* was second in the entire fleet to windward; rounding two minutes and 48 seconds behind the A scow, she more than halved the gap downwind—and might have finished ahead had not a broken gudgeon caused one rudder to drag!) Sitting on the weather rail of the scow, I could hardly believe my eyes: never had I traveled so fast under sail, not even on a contender for the America's Cup, and yet a craft hardly larger than a dinghy was going faster!

Tigercat in a sense was 10 years building, dating from the time when Robert Harris, a draftsman in the design office of Sparkman & Stephens, became interested in catamarans during the summer of 1949. In 1950 he turned out the 25-foot *Naransolar*, which he raced during the next two years, including the One of a Kind regatta of 1952, with a ninth in one race the best he could do. Afterwards came *Nike* and in 1955 *Ovelot*, which Harris calls "the breakthrough so far as I was concerned." Then Bill Cox came to him with a proposal for building a catamaran to incorporate ideas Cox had been mulling over. Harris worked out the hull shape, the ratio of weight to sail area and construction technique based on his long experience in the field, while Cox contributed heavily to the rig. They both acknowledge the contribution to the type in general by Englishman Prout, 700 of whose *Shearwaters* are gathered into fleets in nine countries. The hulls of *Tigercat* are symmetrical—identical twins, in other words—rounded in section, each

continued on page 66

Photograph by Carleton Mitchell





'ALEX OLMEDO? HE'S 11TH OR 12TH'

Jack Kramer, the big boss of pro tennis, does some very frank thinking out loud as his tennis olio takes to the road

by JAMES MURRAY

JOHN ALBERT (Jake) KRAMER, an ex-tennis player who has wrecked more Davis Cup teams with a volley of blank checks than he ever could with his fog-cutting serve, took a stand in the center of the room, eyes blazing, and smote his fist into his palm. "Alex Olmedo," he shouted. "He's about the 11th or 12th best player in the world today. No higher. I'll bet even money any one of my nine pros could beat him in straight sets tomorrow. Even if he wins Wimbledon or Forest Hills, what will he be doing? Beating the No. 18 or No. 20 player in the world is all. Pro tennis is the game, and it's the future of tennis."

Promoter Kramer drew a deep breath. "When Lew Hoad turned pro he wasn't as good as I was. And I had

been retired two years! When Pancho Gonzales turned pro he couldn't carry my racket.

"Now I have my tour this year, and when I'm sending Ashley Cooper and Mal Anderson in against Hoad and Gonzales, I'm sending in a lamb against a lion. (In a corner, Kramer's publicity man winced.) I mean they're a year away from being ready. But the pro game is at the point now where it has to develop its own, if you know what I mean."

Here is the way Kramer has set up his 1959 tour: for the North American part, the big apple of the Kramer traveling circus (it will account for two-thirds of the ultimate world gross), Kramer has selected Hoad, Gonzales, Cooper and Anderson. In former years, like the animal that eats its young, the tour matched the leading new ex-amateur against the top pro, who would proceed to chew him up mercilessly. Under that system, Cooper would have had to face Gonzales and been lucky to win a tenth of his matches. Hoad and Anderson would have filled in on what Promoter Kramer is pleased to call "the animal act," a meaningless exhibition set or so opening the program.

This year, the Kramer troupe in the U.S. will play a sort of revolving-disco tournament. In this, the winners of each night's matches play each other on the following night. For example, the tour opened in San Francisco with Gonzales meeting Cooper and Hoad meeting Anderson. Naturally, the old pros won. This set up the big match the next night between Gonzales and Hoad with the consolation match between Anderson and Cooper. The next engagement, however, pitted winners against winners and losers against losers again—in this case Gonzales versus Anderson

and Hoad versus Cooper, respectively.

Kramer usually divides \$1,500 in prize money each night in this way: the winner of the winners' match gets \$600; loser \$300. The winner of the losers' match gets \$400; loser \$200. Under this unique system, money winnings as of last weekend stood Hoad \$2,900, Gonzales \$2,650, Anderson \$1,850 and Cooper \$1,600.

"In this way we are keeping the public's interest, and we are developing talent for our future," believes Jack Kramer. Before it is through, the Kramer olio must hit courts in 60 cities, from Madison Square Garden to the tank town high school auditorium. This means Hoad and Gonzales will play each other in no more than 30 of them. The remainder will be a kind of schooling session for the youngsters—or at least until Cooper and Anderson adjust themselves to this new, shattering style of tennis.

DRIP OF BLOOD

The Hoad-Gonzales matches of 1959 are proving to be—for sheer theater and tenseness—among the most memorable contests in the history of sport, and it is not inconceivable that tennis fans may one day recall them the way boxing buffs recall Dempsey-Tunney or race fans Swaps-Nashua. To begin with, they are marked with something not normally associated with the polite art of lawn tennis—naked animosity and the drip of bad blood. On the court Hoad and Gonzales hate each other—and make no bones about it. And since tennis is an elemental contest of wills as well as skills this has the effect of making their struggles as fascinating as a fight between two cats in a jungle. Even the casting is perfect: the blond, blue-eyed, poker-faced youngster from Australia against the swarthy, scowling, scar-faced old pro from the sidewalks of Los Angeles.

The Gonzales personality is uniquely promotable also. If the sport were wrestling, Pancho would make the perfect "heavy." The fact that he is the American boy in the drama mitigates in his behalf but has not prevented Pancho—a poor loser, to say the very least—from smashing an overhanging clock in Miami on one occasion and on another crawling into the stands at Boston to get a spectator who proved to be the Boston Garden physician. He has even dropped his racket in the midst of a match in Australia to challenge the entire

GONZALES SCOWL reflects truculent attitude to opponents and Kramer



audience. Myron MacNamara, the long-suffering tour publicist, has been heard to sigh weebegonely: "Ponch acts like he thinks he's defending the world's heavyweight championship instead of the world's tennis championship."

Gonzales' truculence is not confined to the tennis court. Despite their quasi boss-employee relationship, Kramer and Gonzales are all but at each other's throats most of the time. "No two people without a marriage license should ever get along so miserably," Columnist Mel Dursdag once wrote. Although Kramer periodically boasts that he and Big Pancho are basically good friends, he is given to saying publicly things like: "Gonzales is surly, abusive and has got a lousy disposition—when he loses." The point is, when he wins, Pancho is not much better. One sore point with him is that he is probably the only champion in sports who—thanks to Kramer—has to take the short end of the purse when he defends his title. Kramer has argued for years that the amateur is the big draw for the tour—which Kramer may very well have believed, but which has both nettled Gonzales and given him an incentive to splatter Kramer's pet amateurs into oblivion with evident relish. Pulling on his clothes savagely in San Francisco after the opening match, Big Ponch announced he was violently opposed to the prize-money system: "I won't make as much money as I made last year even if I win every match!" he exploded.

OUT OF THE GATE

Nevertheless, there is reason to believe Gonzales may not have things quite as much his own way as he has in the past three or four tours. He has not conspicuously slowed down, and he began the tour in San Francisco coming out of the gate like a 1-to-5 shot, playing his best game in years. He mowed down Cooper one night and Hoad the next without breaking into a real sweat. When the tour hit Los Angeles, he ripped Anderson, who looks like the more promising of the less determined of the two amateurs, and seemed about to duplicate his opening performances.

But then, on the second night in Los Angeles, Lew Hoad demonstrated that he, too, has become a pro. A humorless competitor on court, Hoad slipped out to the arena on the afternoon of his decisive match and volleyed himself into concert pitch. That

night in the big match against Gonzales, he flew at the jugular instantly. Winning the spin for serve, Hoad surprised by electing to receive. He was gambling that Gonzales was not warmed up. And he was right. He broke service immediately. In one of the tensest and most dramatic matches ever seen in Los Angeles—it was played in almost sepulchral silence punctuated by ear-splitting roars of applause—Hoad and Gonzales stormed the net on each other for a bristling hour and ten minutes of board-rattling tennis, and Hoad won 6-1, 9-7.

In the second set with the games 7-6 in his favor, the harassed Gonzales put on one of his more impressive displays of bad manners when a service call went against him. He turned white, then red, then purple and advanced on the offending linesman. He put his face within inches of the luckless volunteer's face and began to rant. Then in the midst of the breath-sucking, embarrassed silence that had overtaken the auditorium, Gonzales turned and addressed a silent appeal to the umpire's chair. The umpire cleared his throat. "Did he call it out?" he asked. Gonzales stalked across the court waving his racket like a hatchet. "He called it out, and then he called it good!" he screamed. "Just ask him." The linesman looked miserably at his feet. "Interference on the linesman's part," ruled the chair. "No point. Two serves, Mr. Hoad." Hoad stood watching impassively. Gonzales, with a helpless gesture, approached the net to explain to his opponent. Hoad deliberately wheeled and turned his back, snubbing Gonzales. Pancho shrugged and returned to the baseline to await the next serve. Hoad, teeth clenched, played fiery tennis to run out three straight games and the match. Instead of being crestfallen, Gonzales stormed off the court, slashed at the guy ropes with his racket and screamed at a photographer who hadn't shot a picture since the first set. In the language of the streets he execrated the poor fellow for upsetting his concentration and then finally, furiously, returned to the dressing room.

All in all, Promoter Kramer has an attraction which combines the grace and elegance of tennis with the naked emotionality and aggression of the prize ring. Meantime, waiting in the wings (i.e., touring Australia) are Tony Trabert, Pancho Segura, Frank Sedgman, Ken Rosewall and Mervyn



PANCHO BAWLS OUT ERRING LINESMAN

Rose. They will join the North American section for pro tournaments in early June in Los Angeles and late June in Forest Hills, and Kramer will pair all his players in Europe in what he calls "league play" with a view to staging a 21-city "Grand Prix" tour of the four who emerge on top of the league.

But what of the future? Kramer feels "We have the best tennis it is possible to get. If the public doesn't buy this it will hurt not only me but the sport itself. But if it goes over it will give a tremendous boost to the game, amateur and professional, and will bring the open tournament nearer to reality. It will put tennis on the same footing as golf. The top tennis player will no longer be able to remain at the top by beating a rookie and playing the equivalent of 80 golf. He will have to keep shooting 68s to stay on top from now on, and this will really make the pro game come of age."

END

WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

IT WAS BOUND TO HAPPEN

And it did, with the customary inevitability of death and taxes: Carol Heiss kept right on winning. Willie Pastrano kept on losing, a youngster got a veritable rise out of Parry O'Brien and, by zoom, zoom, zooming, two pro basketball outfits scored 312 points



CATCHING a short right from Willie Pastrano is Joe Erskine, a sometime British Empire champion. But Erskine threw a few more left jabs than Willie and won what was a singularly fighty fight. "Erskine is sadly underrated," said Pastrano after suffering his second straight loss in London. And Pastrano is the sadly overrated remnant of a thoroughly inflated crop of home-grown heavyweights who were innocents abroad.





PUTTING the shot with a powerful grimace is Dallas Long, an 18-year-old USC freshman. Long's put was so long—a record-surpassing 63 feet 4 inches—that it literally soared the pants off Parry O'Brien, the world record holder. O'Brien, a spectator at the Los Angeles meet, slipped, aghast, from stands to locker room, reappeared in uniform and promptly did 63 feet 6. "I had to," he said. "What would people think?" Neither put, alas, was official: the field slopes.

EVADING the desperate arm of Hot Rod Hundley (33), Tom Heinsohn scores two of the record 312 points made at Boston, where the Celtics beat the Minneapolis Lakers 173-139 in the most offensive basketball game ever played. Although it was fun while it lasted, which was for 48 minutes at 6 1/2 points a minute, NBA President Maurice Podoloff is not eager for it to happen again. "In the long run," he said, "it would destroy basketball. People like to see a struggle."

STUDYING the tracings on the ice which led to her fourth straight world championship is Carol Heiss, 19, the daughter of an Ozark Park, N.Y., baker. But Carol had little opportunity to study her lessons at Colorado Springs. "I've got a sociology test coming up," she said, "and I'm scared to death. I want to concentrate on my school work. I don't want to live in the little world of skating. Being world champion isn't going to help raise a family, keep a house and clean it."





SUTTON, WHO SUBMERGED AS "POINT OF NATIONAL HONOR," CHATS WITH WIFE

SOME LIKE IT COLD

A COLD WAR of quite another sort, but of equal intensity, is being waged in Moscow between intrepid Muscovites and winter, and the comrades are winning, as our jaunting Travel Editor Horace Sutton discovered. Contemptuous of -15° weather, Muscovite men and women go swimming (separately) in the great outdoors at the Moscow Swimming Pool.

Although the water is heated to 81° , they think nothing of strolling about in the almost altogether, but that's just what the Soviet doctor ordered. The doctors agree that the temperature difference of air and water makes the blood vessels expand and contract—which is a good thing. However, a citizen needs a doctor's certificate before taking the plunge.

Photographs by Horace Sutton



"JUMPING IN," says the sign, "is categorically forbidden." One good reason: constantly rising vapor from the pool obscures

fellow swimmers in the water. To avoid cold-air shock, swimmers enter the pool from lockers by passing through chute below sign.



BUNDLED COACH INSTRUCTS SWIMMERS AT EVENING SESSION. THE POOL IS OPEN FROM 8 A.M. TO 10 P.M. QUER ARE \$5 A MONTH
SEXES MAY SWIM TOGETHER ONLY DURING THE "DIPLOMATIC HOUR" (7-8 P.M.), BUT ALL LOCKER ROOM ATTENDANTS ARE WOMEN



EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Says Dr. Griswold

THE PRESIDENT OF YALE made headlines last week with a 4,500-word speech at Johns Hopkins which was immediately hailed and howled at as "antifootball." In point of fact, it was no such thing. Dr. A. Whitney Griswold was talking about the need of U.S. education to look to its purposes.

Griswold ranged from Russia ("We cannot be satisfied with anything less than an educational system every bit as strong") to his real liberal arts point ("We should look elsewhere than to Russia for the sense of purpose . . . into our own history, our own character, our own hearts and consciences"). What drew the widest play in the press were his remarks on athletic scholarships.

Indeed, his words set off a flurry of letters and telegrams to New Haven (mostly approving), among them one from the University of Chicago requesting, in the popular shorthand of the week, "a copy of the antifootball speech."

Griswold's point was that neither football nor any other sports are harmful so long as they do not distort a university's mission. But Griswold shook his head over a couple of Brooklyn high school graduates who recently resigned their basketball scholarships at "an out-of-state university" (actually, Mark Reiner and Stan Niewierowski of the North Carolina State squad) for a variety of reasons including educational disillusionment and loneliness for Brooklyn. This bent Griswold's brows to the subject of athletic scholarships.

"For the most part," he said, the traffic in athletic scholarships "constitutes one of the greatest educational swindles ever perpetrated on American youth. Its aim is not the education of that youth but the entertainment of its elders, not the welfare of the athlete but the pleasure of the spectator . . . [This traffic in scholarships] works in wondrous ways to undermine the structure of American education. . . . It is part of the general collapse of amateurism in American athletics."

As president of a 257-year-old university, one enjoying endowments of \$250 million and charter membership in the Ivy League, which forbids athletic scholarships, Griswold speaks from a special position. As Griswold himself admitted, every community must decide for itself what its educational purposes are. But though large parts of the U.S. community may not be ready for the Ivy League's well-heeled simplicities, the wagging finger of Dr. Griswold,

continued



AERO-WEAVE sport coat by Blacker Bros shown below is made of 70% "Orlon" and 30% wool. Available at THE J. L. HUDSON CO., Detroit; STIE, BARR & FULLER, St. Louis; F. & R. LAZARUS, Columbus; and other fine stores.



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LIGHT AND LUXURIOUS

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A color photograph of a man in a dark suit, white shirt, and dark tie, smiling warmly at the camera. He is seated at a table, holding a fork with a piece of food. In front of him is a tall, slender glass filled with beer and a thick head of white foam. A can of Budweiser is tilted, pouring beer into the glass. The can's label is clearly visible, showing the Budweiser logo and the text 'Budweiser', 'Lager Beer', and 'Imported from St. Louis, Mo.'. On the table, there are plates of food, including what appears to be a steak and some vegetables. The background is a simple, slightly out-of-focus interior setting.

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

who inherits something of the moral asperity of his Puritan predecessors at New Haven, has written a few lines on the wall worth reading in all parts of the country.

The Mighty Atom

HUDDLED in his blue blanket on the Yale bench, the soft-spoken little sophomore looked scarcely powerful enough to make an adequate water boy. A full six inches short of six feet, weighing in at a puny 144 pounds, Albert James Booth was unknown beyond the bounds of his native New Haven. And at that Saturday afternoon moment in 1929 New Haven and Yale University were too concerned with their own despair to give young Albie much thought. On the green turf of the Yale Bowl an Army football team, paced by galloping Chris Cagle, was making mince-meat of Yale.

It was 13-0 Army, and near the end of the first half, when Yale Coach Mal Stevens gave the sophomore his opportunity with a nod down the bench and the curt summons: "Booth." By next day, Albie Booth was known from coast to coast.

With his mother in the stands watching the first football game of her life, the fabulous little Yale quarterback spun and turned and twisted and dashed and danced his way through Army time and again, pausing only to hurl an occasional deadly accurate pass or to place a perfectly aimed drop kick between the goal posts. Reporting the game next day, at least one paper blossomed with the

banner headline: BOOTH 21, ARMY 13.

Under such affectionate aliases as The Mighty Atom and Little Boy Blue, Albie Booth was a staple on the sports pages in the next three years. As Eli football captain in his senior year, in the last quarter of the game against Harvard, he kicked the field goal that brought defeat to Yale's ancient rivals and their brilliant captain, Barry Wood. Albie met Barry on the baseball diamond as well for three seasons and was captain of the Yale basketball team into the bargain.

A quiet, almost demure young man in his private moments, he turned into a tyrannical, uninhibited package of pure energy when he got on the playing field. Not only was his own play often inspired, he could inspire his teammates with an almost equal fervor. One result of this monstrous expenditure of energy was that Albie Booth found himself flat on his back in the infirmary midway through his senior year—an event which led many a well-meaning friend to urge a limitation on the number of varsity sports a college athlete be permitted to play.

Once free of the hospital, Albie Booth married his childhood sweetheart Marion Noble and settled to a relatively quieter way of life, but his name was never off the sports pages for long. After graduation, he spent a number of seasons as a pro basketball player, then quit to take a permanent job in an ice cream company hard by New Haven. He continued to serve both sports in general and his college. For the last decade he has been known to sports fans as one of

the busiest of college football referees.

Even as a referee, Albie's darting movements were a joy to watch, but like the strenuous activity of his college years, they were taking their toll on his slight frame.

One day last week, almost completely without warning, the heart that had carried Albie Booth so sturdily through 51 years of life stopped beating. Albie Booth the man was dead. Albie Booth the legend continued its journey into immortality.

Diagnosis

ROY CAMPANELLA, still paralyzed from the chest down, was helped from a plane in Florida last weekend, where he was to begin his new job as a coach for the Los Angeles Dodgers. It might have been a happy occasion: since the automobile accident that ended his Dodger playing career a year ago, Campanella has lived more courageously and cheerfully in a wheelchair than most people do in fully active lives.

Campanella was not cheerful. He did not want to be interviewed, and reporters understandingly let him alone. For Campy was forced to begin spring training with a burden even greater than that of his inert body. Just a few days before, his 15-year-old son David had been questioned as a member of a New York teen-age crowd involved in a rumble. Hours later, moreover, the boy confessed to having broken into a drugstore. "I got mixed up in a jerky crowd," the boy said.

Roy Campanella has given volunteer time for a good while now to fight juvenile delinquency. A diagnosis of his feelings was given by his doctor, Howard A. Rusk of New York's Institute of Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation. "Campanella was hurt again," said Dr. Rusk, "this time in the heart."

But Dr. Rusk added: "Paradoxical as it seems, the increased strength Roy Campanella has gained from conquering his own physical disability will give him greater depth of understanding and depth of spirit in confronting this new problem."

continued

They Said It

RICKEY ASHBURN, Philadelphia Phillies' center fielder and last year's National League batting champion, emerging from a salory conference with General Manager John Quinn: "We're not too far apart. You might say our difference is no more than tip money, but I tip pretty good."

JOHN THOMAS, Boston University freakman and highest jumper (7 feet 1½ inches) human in history, on the future of the sport: "A jumper in perfect condition and with perfect conditions will some day jump eight feet."

HUGH GOSBORN, British yachswoman and chairman of the ill-starred Sceptre syndicate, on 1968 plans for an all-Britain challenge for the America's Cup: "There is considerable optimism on the part of two or three people."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

Economics of PIE

AS BECOMES the fact that college football is pretty big business, the economists of the National Collegiate Athletic Association have just worked out a sort of Dow Jones index of their own. It is known as the PIE index and has been invented to explore the vital question: How many spectators are going to football games—as compared with how many *should*?

The letters of the new index are derived from the nation's population (P), its annual income (I) and its college enrollment (E). For armchair economists interested in the product of these three factors in 1958, we can tell you parenthetically that population times national income times college enrollment will give you, for a starter, the figure of 204,396,400,000,000,000,000,000. Happily, the NCAA economists reduce all this sort of thing to PIE index figures, starting with a base of 100 for the year 1948. As PIE goes, so, say the economists, go the nation's football fans. Or rather, so they did go until TV's Cyclops eye began winking in their living rooms. In 1949, for instance, PIE went up 2.3 points over the year before. And sure enough, attendance at college football games in 1949 rose 2.8%. But in 1950, with 50-yard lines blossoming in living room after living room, football attendance dipped 3.2%, even though PIE went up 1.5 points.

Understandably, since 1949 the NCAA has had a committee to study the effects of the one-eyed monster which has been stealing the pie to set rules for its control, e.g., a stern rationing of national and regional TV games. As a result, by 1956 attendance and PIE were once again increasing at about the same rate. Last year more fans (19,280,709) went to football games than in any year since 1949 (19,651,995).

But attendance growth is not nearly as cheerful as the NCAA would like it to be. The evidence is that, back in the days of unrationed TV football, a good many people got out of the habit of going to college games—and have not taken up the habit again since rationing began. Moreover,

about one college in every 10 that was fielding a football team 10 years ago has dropped the game since.

Looking back over the decade, NCAA economists find that the PIE index has risen to 131.1. And the college football attendance index in the same period? To just 101.6.

Ice on the River

IT IS NOT easy to travel first-class in a canoe, but Harold B. Alderson of Washington, D.C. has figured out how to do it. Mr. Alderson likes to take a friend along with him and drift comfortably down the Shenandoah River, among the mountains of the George Washington National Forest, fishing for bass and pickerel as he goes. His 17-foot canoe has a built-in armchair up front for fishing, and a more businesslike seat in the back for the occasional paddling that is necessary to keep in the current. Alderson and his guest take turns at the paddle.

Between the two seats is stored 600 pounds of food and gadgets to make the wilderness livable; air mattresses, chairs, sleeping bags, thick steaks, Roquefort dressing to go on salads and soda to go in Scotch. For 10 years Alderson has devoted his wintertime leisure to refining his camping equipment—making it lighter, more compact, more luxurious. He has done the job so well that from spring to fall, Senators and Representatives all

but stand in line for a chance to go fishing with him. As the president of a big stenotype reporting company, Alderson knows almost everybody in Washington.

Through the years, though, one problem has given a lot of trouble. At the end of the day, when the big tent is pitched on the riverbank, it is pleasant to sit and talk over a Scotch and soda. The problem is to have, on the evening of the third and fourth days, ice to put in the drinks. By then the original supply has melted, and on the river's route through the forest there is no place to get more.

For a long time Alderson's best solution was to take a great deal of dry



ice along to keep the regular ice from melting, plus an old-fashioned metal container for both. This arrangement weighed 100 pounds, or one-sixth the total weight of the camping equipment. Since Alderson even saws part of the handle off his toothbrush in order to conserve weight, 100 pounds did seem like a large price to pay for a few three-day-old ice cubes to put in a highball. (They never lasted four days.) Still, Alderson and guests were willing to make the sacrifice.

Not long ago, in his home in Washington, Alderson began an experiment. He had four insulated plastic coolers of varying shapes and sizes. Into each of them he put a Pliofilm bag of ice cubes and a quart milk carton of water frozen solid. To each he added a block of dry ice wrapped in nine layers of newspaper. Then he settled down to wait, peeping once or twice a day, to see which bag would preserve its ice the longest. The experiment was made in the living room, over Mrs. Alderson's objections, because it offered the best approximation of summertime temperatures.

Two of the coolers were those which Schweppes and Pepsi-Cola bottling plants distribute for purposes of advertising. They are designed for use on one-day picnics and beach parties,



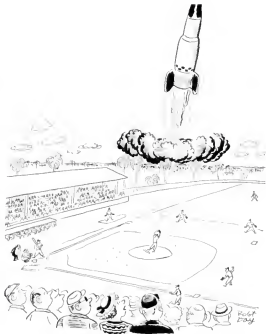
Hockey Daydream

The goalie, in his cage all game, just stands upon his skates. But when they put the puck away, He'll cut some figure 8s.

—DUDLEY DOUST

yet both of them, with 6½ pounds of dry ice added, kept their ice cubes and cartons solidly frozen from Friday evening to Monday morning. Bag No. 3, a low-cost item of no pedigree, gave a poor performance. Bag No. 4 was a big job (18 inches high) called a Duffle Cooler. Loaded with 25 pounds of dry ice, it sat on and on—and on—in the Alderson living room; the ice that had been put into it on Friday evening was just beginning to melt on Wednesday morning.

"Here," says Alderson happily, "was the solution of our problem. Two Duffle Coolers, fully loaded, weigh only 60 pounds. The second one need not be opened until the first one is exhausted. Operations can continue for at least four days with a good margin of safety. And for shorter trips, the smaller bags by Schweppes and Pepsi-Cola will be perfect." Not only has Alderson cut 40 pounds from his canoe load while making sure that his fourth-day Scotch and soda will be of the proper temperature, he has proved that you can get away from it all and take it with you, both on one perfectly appointed trip.



"You mean Bill Veck has taken over spring training now?"

Three White Legs

THERE was no doubt about it; the horse known as Ming was one of the finest in France. A sleek 6-year-old bay with earnings of close to \$40,000 on his records, he was the pride and joy of his owner, Count Gaston d'Audiffret-Pasquier. He was a worthy horse, no question about it. The question was: Was he Ming?

Glancing last week for what seems to have been the first time at Ming's papers as he prepared to register for Britain's Cheltenham Championship stakes, the count noted that they called for a white blaze and three white stockings. "This," he announced, recalling Ming's unsullied bay coat, "is not my horse."

The eyebrows of the stern Society of Encouragement for the Amelioration of the Horse Breeds in France, as well as those of the Society of French Steeplechasers, shot skyward. Who then, they asked, was this four-footed impostor who called himself Ming?

After a diligent check of the rec-

ords the two societies found what they thought might be the answer. The horse called Ming, it seemed, had once shared a stable with another horse called Gaucho, a real dog who in six years had never won a race. Gaucho's only distinction lay in the fact that his face was marked by a white blaze and his legs by three white stockings, just as it stated on Ming's official papers.

Was Gaucho really Ming and Ming Gaucho? And, if so, who owned whom and what about those purses? Whose name should stand in the record books, or would all the races run by either horse under the other's name be wiped off the slate?

Faced with the awful import of these and other questions, French racing officialdom retired in stony silence to contemplate the answers. Meanwhile, France's railbirds had only a prejudiced old jingle of the English turf to comfort them.

"Four white legs, keep him not a

day," it ran: "Three white legs, send him far away."

Against the Grain

THIS has very likely been the most award-packed winter in the history of athletics. Scarcely indeed is the baseball player, football player, manager or coach who has not been weighted down with a plaque, cup, tray or belt, and the man who has not yet been so hailed on the banquet caravan probably need only wait. Therefore, we feel it is opportune to offer a salute of our own to the Association of Dog Biscuit Manufacturers of England, in effect for going against the grain.

After scouring their land in search of Britain's most heroic dog, the DBM have withheld their annual award of a silver trophy and a six months' supply of dog biscuits because "in the year 1958 no British dog has been sufficiently brave." **END**



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ED SULLIVAN PREPARES FOR A NEW GOLF SEASON

Selecting four Tips from The Top for special study, he plans a concerted assault on tension

by HERBERT WARREN WIND

IT IS A STORY quite a few people know. Back in 1912 the caddie force at the Apawamis Club in Rye, N.Y. was swelled by the arrival of two new kids about 10 years old. Caddie badge 98 was given to Edward Sullivan, a pleasant, curly-haired boy who got to the club by walking the three miles down the Boston Post Road from his family's home in Port Chester. Badge 99 went to a stocky, abnormally quiet youngster named Eugene Sarazen, whose folks lived in Harrison and who cut cross-country to the club through open fields and typical Westchester estates. Though not bosom companions, caddies 98 and 99 were good friends. They still are, and in our go-go era in which misunderstandings between people crop up like pea soup, it is a source of deep-going pleasure to Ed Sullivan and Gene Sarazen that their affection for each other remains as strong and unforced as it was almost a half century ago when they squatted on the hillside at Apawamis hoping that the caddie master would call them down to lug the bag of one of the club's big spenders—someone who paid a full \$0.6 for 18 holes, throwing in a 15¢ tip as if money grew on trees.

Curiously enough, Sullivan and Sarazen began to play their golf on the old nine-hole Beardsley Park course in Bridgeport during World War I. Both were too young for the service. Recuperating on the golf course from an almost fatal case of pneumonia which he had caught while working as a carpenter's helper in a munitions plant, Sarazen quickly demonstrated such an affinity for golf that he got a job in the shop at the Brooklawn Country Club, and from that foothold began the dazzling ascent that saw him crowned our National Open champion at 20. As for Sullivan, who worked for a Bridgeport construction company, his hours at Beardsley Park were out-and-out relaxation: he had always wanted to play the game, and now he could. Ed quickly became a very good shotmaker who scored in the 70s, and his golf, despite the ravages of daily journalism, has remained an abiding passion ever since. His rise in his chosen field, by the way, was almost as rapid as Sarazen's in his: he went from reporter for the *Port Chester Daily News* to sportswriter at the

continued



Drawings by Anthony Barrelli

New York Mail and the old World, and in 1927 became sports editor of the New York Evening Graphic. He became the Broadway columnist for the Graphic in 1929 and began his present Broadway column for the New York Times in 1932. In 1945 he started the Sunday evening variety show on television which has now become a national institution.

Since coming of man's estate, the one job outside of journalism and TV which Ed Sullivan has held was in golf. In the mid-'20s, when he was in Florida one winter on a sports assignment, his paper suddenly folded. Through the intercession of Grantland Rice he was appointed sports secretary of the Hotel Ormond, whose golf course was renowned as the habitat of John D. Rockefeller, then in his 80s. A scant matter of inches separated Sullivan from securing a rather dubious fame on his very first round. "I was playing with Bill Potts, the old Scottish pro," he recalls, "and on the second hole Mr. Rockefeller and his partner, General Adelbert Ames, waved us through. They were standing a couple of hundred yards down the fairway. I hit a vicious low hook that headed right at old Mr. Rockefeller. At the last second, with tomorrow's headlines flashing through my mind, I just couldn't stand to look any longer and covered my eyes with my hands. Then I heard Bill Potts say, 'It's all right, liddle.'"

"Mr. Rockefeller had nothing much to say after this close call but a short while later he had occasion to write the new sports secretary a letter. George Fisher Baker, another one of America's wealthiest men, had come over from Sea Island, Ga. for a game with Mr. Rockefeller, and Sullivan sent out the story that Mr. Baker had won their match. "I forget the exact wording of Mr. Rockefeller's note, for I was foolish enough not to save it," Sullivan says. "I think it went something like this: 'It is true that according to match play Mr. Baker beat me but going by medal play I was one shot lower.'"

In recent years Ed Sullivan's average score has been around 80. This makes him (along with Perry Como, Bing Crosby and Bob Hope) one of the few celebrity golfers whom it is not torture to watch, but Ed, nevertheless, has been quite unhappy about his game because it used to be so much better. His peak seasons were 1942 and 1943, when he averaged between 70 and 72 strokes a round and hit the ball much better than he ever has since. A man who has an exceptionally thorough knowledge of golf technique, Sullivan, even as you and I, has annually set out each spring to make the changes in his swing which he trusted would enable him to recover his lost form. He has invested his

KEY TO TENSION. Sullivan believes, is right forearm. If muscular cord remains relaxed, tests showed it did remarkably for Babe Ruth and Walter Hagen fluid action results. If the cord tightens, then tension travels up right arm, shoulder and neck also become rigid.



search with such intensity and intellectuality and he has received such a plethora of advice that he has been called "the most over-prodded golfer in the country." In this connection, the hit of the evening at one get-together of Westchester golfers came when Sullivan was called forward and eight different pros marched up to instruct him simultaneously, one pro assigned to his left foot, a second pro focusing on his hip action, another on his shoulder turn, and so on. This year Ed is even a shade more determined than usual to do something about his golf. "I've got to," he explains. "I've got myself so tied in knots thinking of a hundred and one different things that I've become a bothersomely slow player. Bob Hope once told me when I was shuffling

around before a shot, 'Hit it quick before your clothes go out of style.'"

Now, back in the early 1940s when Sullivan was playing in the low 70s, he was not only a fairly rapid player but, by general consent of his fellow members at the Westchester Country Club, one of the longest hitters in the area. On one round, for illustration, on the second hole of the West Course, he ripped out a drive that carried on the fly the brook which cuts the fairway 260 yards from the tee. Now nobody can hit a ball that long unless he is swinging very right. This past winter, on one of those evenings when he was reflectively composing his plans for the coming golf season, Ed began to wonder if it wouldn't be the better part of wisdom to figure out what he was doing differently in those good old days. It all boiled down, he eventually decided, to the fact that there had been little or no tenseness in his swing in 1942 and '43. "The last couple of years particularly," he expounded to a friend not long ago, "the moment I put my hands on the club my muscles begin to tighten up, right then. That ruins you." He paused a solemn moment. "You know what it reminds me of? Joe Louis' description of his fight with Lou Nova. One day when I was playing golf with Joe, I asked him about his fights—which one had been the toughest, which one had

been the easiest. The fight with Nova, he said, was the easiest. Nova had talked continuously before the fight about the yoga tactics he was going to use and his other strange plans, and Joe had deduced that only a very nervous man would be talking so much. The night he fought Nova was the first time Joe ever felt sorry for a guy in the ring. Nova was so tense, Joe told me, that he could see his muscles bulging through his skin. He was so tight that when he punched he couldn't have knocked a hahy down. . . . Well, that's the perfect analogy."

In pursuit of avoiding that fatal tension, by early February this year Sullivan had arrived at a few definite points to concentrate on during the coming season. First, he would stop

continued



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trying to take the club back as slowly and as deliberately as he had the past few years. His friend Ben Toski, the pro at the Cedar Hill Country Club in Livingston, N.J., had expressed the opinion to Ed that it is natural and perfectly correct for some players to take the club back fairly fast. Ed had mulled it over and agreed completely: taking the club back at an artificially slow pace is an excellent way for a golfer to get all his muscles locked tight. Another point, closely allied, that Ed had selected to work on was a lighter grip. Seizing the club too zealously, he was sure, was an ignition switch for general muscular tension and accounted directly for the unhappy fact that last summer he had been losing control of the club at that most critical juncture, the top of the backswing.

Having advanced this far, one morning a week or so ago when there was a fleeting hint of spring in the air, Sullivan picked up his telephone and called his old friend and tutor, Lou Costello, the pro at the Westchester Country Club. The core of their conversation went like this:

Sullivan: "Now, Lulu, I'm glad you haven't forgotten how I was hitting the ball back in 1942. Can you remember what I was doing different then?"

Costello: "You were doing a lot of things different. Mainly, you were swinging with a freer wrist action. That's what gave you that terrific clubhead speed."

Sullivan: "Let's take it another step farther. Why was I getting this freer wrist action?"

Costello: "Ed, you were much more relaxed. You can't be as tense as you've been over the ball recently and expect your golf muscles to function. You've got a real good swing, but sometimes when I've watched you, by the time you've taken the club halfway back, your arms and your shoulders are as tight as a drum and even your back is rigid. Then you've got to go wrong."

Sullivan: "This is exactly what I want to know. Now what if I grip the club with less pressure this year?"

Costello: "You ought to."

Sullivan: "Will that help me to make a freer turn? That's where I've been suffering."

Costello: "Anything that cuts down your tension, Ed, is bound to help you make a freer turn."

Sullivan: "And it would follow, wouldn't it, that if I make a good turn going back I'll then be in a position to come into the ball right and really cut it loose?"

Costello: "Absolutely. That's what we should work on this year."

Sullivan: "Now just one more thing. Back in '42 and '43 I used to practice a lot more. Did that help me to keep muscularly relaxed when I went out and played?"

Costello: "Regular practice helps tremendously. Then when you go out to play you know you're going to hit the ball pretty good anyway, and that gives you confidence in your swing. You can go at it easy then. It's the same way with entertainers, isn't it? If a comic has been off the stage for some time, he'll be unsure of himself. He'll press. He won't want for his laughs. Am I right?"

Sullivan: "Lulu, you were never righter. This talk is just what I needed. Well, maybe this will be the year."

Sullivan had made this phone call at the desk in the sitting room in his suite at the Delmonico Hotel, which he sometimes uses as an office. When an aide walked into the room a few minutes later, he found his boss delicately swinging a driver so that the clubhead just edged above a low-slung table on the backswing and slipped serenely through a narrow corridor under an armchair and the desk on the follow-through.

"Did you know," Sullivan told the nonplussed aide, "that Sam Snead has a longer reach than Sugar Ray even though Robinson is the same height? Sam's arms are unusually long. That's why he's able to get that tremendous arc and still stay down over the ball."

The aide stepped back into the doorway as Sullivan began to pour a little more power into a new series of practice swings. As he took the club back on his fifth swing, the clubhead contacted the tops of several roses in a vase on the low table behind him, and the petals floated down and littered the carpet like a Billy Rose snowstorm.

"Ed, you're not forgetting those phone calls you've got to make?" the aide ventured from the doorway.

"No," said Sullivan. "Now on that last swing I was free and that's why I got that wider arc. That's what I'm going to work on this year."

TURN THE PAGE FOR ED SULLIVAN'S
FOUR SELECTED TIPS FROM THE TOP

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ED SULLIVAN'S CHOICE OF FOUR TIPS



TOMMY ARMOUR

The hands at the top
of the backswing

I HAVE often wondered which was of the greater value, a good golf lesson or a good tip. Although I have taken hundreds of lessons, I have also received many tips of inestimable value. When I was playing at Winged Foot Golf Club recently with my friend Claude Harmon, who is the pro there, he gave me a really invaluable tip.

Claude is one of the most observant students of the game, as well as one of the finest teachers. I had not been living up to my newspaper reputation as the great iron player, and although I knew I was standing at the ball correctly, that my timing was good, and the groove of the club was good, I was still not hitting the ball properly. I could not seem to get the necessary punch into the shot. Hole after hole, I was short of the green. Not only was my game hurt, but so was my vanity. The alleged great iron player was not able to hit even a single good iron shot.

Then at lunch one day Claude said, "I know what you are doing, Tommy. Shall I tell you?" I said, "Please, Claude, please give it to me." He said, "You are separating your hands at the top of your backswing." Now that does not mean I was loosening my fingers, but as you will see by the illustration, my hands were not remaining in the same interrelated position where I started them. The separation made me snatch at the ball with my right hand, and instead of coming down with my hands ahead of the clubhead, they were actually behind it.

This is an extremely common fault. If your iron shots are not going out with their usual zip, I recommend that you check your hands at the top. It immediately cured my troubles, and I know it will help you.



RIP ARNOLO

The speed of
the upswing

ONE fault I notice in a good many golfers is a misunderstanding of when to turn on the power in their swing—or, to say it another way, when to concentrate on the speed of the clubhead. These golfers expend unnecessary speed at the wrong times, either on the backswing or at the beginning of the swing down from the top of the backswing. By the time they are actually ready to hit the ball, they have used up most of their energy and too little speed is left for the moment when it really does the job—from the point of contact on through. This is an extremely common error and it is observable in the swings of many fairly experienced players as well as beginners.

A golfer should take the club back slowly and he should start the downswing slowly. When his clubhead enters the hitting area, then he should turn it on. If he concentrates on applying clubhead speed from the point of contact on through, he will find that it will reduce the tension and increase the flexibility of his whole swing.

The golfer who is able to pace his swing properly will develop into an altogether better player, a straighter hitter and a much longer one.

He should
take it back
naturally.
Everybody's
rhythm is
different.
It's not
you 3 or 4
to take it
back at a
faster pace



FROM THE TOP

His handwritten comments clarify the points on which he will be concentrating



BILL GORDON

The friendly grip

A good golfer is recognized by his grip. Rightly so, for a proper grip is the basis for at least 60% of a man's swing. Beginners, and players who are uncertain of their game, tend to grab the club and hang on like grim death, or else they hold the shaft gingerly as if they were afraid of the damage they might inflict on the ball. Both excesses can throw you off your game. Whenever I see a pupil's fingernails whitening as he holds the club, I ask him to let go for a minute and shake hands with me. Usually he gives me a nice firm "friendly" grip, and that's just what I want—not a bone-crusher or a limp paw. Once we've shaken hands, I ask him to grip his golf club the same way, firmly but in a friendly way. His execution of shots usually improves.

I always check to see that my pupils' hands are set properly on the shaft—that goes without saying—but what I am trying to bring out here is the importance of gripping with the right amount of pressure. To the beginner, the golf grip feels at first like the most unnatural thing in the world, but he will soon find out that only through practicing the correct grip can he control with any degree of steadiness the arc of the club and the flight of the ball. Repetition of the right grip will result, in due course, in confidence and a well-founded swing that will bring good results regularly. Give the friendly grip a try.

The secret is 7 words



WILLIE HUNTER

Chipping from traps

MANY golfers make the sand trap shot more difficult than it has to be. This is because they were taught that the only way to come out of a trap is with an explosion shot, a rather unnatural stroke for the beginner since the clubhead has to strike the sand behind the ball and does not strike the ball itself.

There are a number of occasions when the lie of the ball and the lay of the land make playing an explosion shot unnecessary and even unwise. Whenever the bank of the trap is low and there is enough putting surface between the trap and the hole, a golfer would be more sensible to play a variation on a chip shot—with the clubhead contacting the ball cleanly and lofting it onto the green. Allow for some roll.

A chip from the sand is played the same as a chip from any other lie, with two modifications. First, you grip the club low on the shaft, as far down as the bottom of the leather if this is comfortable. Second, glue your eyes on the left half of the ball rather than on the right half as you do on ordinary shots. This enables you to deliver a clean, descending blow, and that is the essence of all chip shots.

✓
Nobody can
play it. These
shots with
great skill
& delicacy
than
fringe
willie.

A very delicate
shot—wrist and
hands completely
free of tension—
this shot is
an acid test
of your freedom
from tension



SPRING

The Quarterly Sporting Look Preview

Golf takes on a reminiscent look, coordinated to a tee . . .

Gentleman Jim swimsuits for collegians . . .

Biggest revival for two sports classics: the shirtwaist dress, the spectator check . . . A new swagger for rainwear

The best of a good lot

by FRED R. SMITH
and JO AHERN ZILL

Photographs by Christa

WHILE WINTER had most of the outdoors tightly under wraps, spring was coming to life indoors—in the workrooms of the designers of America's sportswear. And, working closely with them, the editors of SPORTING LOOK have made a selection of the best they have to offer for sale in the new season. The biggest item of news, one evident in every showroom and demonstrated on each of the following 15 pages of this preview of spring fashion, is the re-emphasis by all of the designers on the simple good looks and good taste for which American sportswear first became famous.

Look at the golf clothes, set here against the background of the Bing Crosby Pro-Amateur tournament at Pebble Beach. They are still colorful, but the garish combinations of gaudy colors that for a time beguiled the pros and influenced those amateurs who emulate them have given way to the well-bred look. The sloppy, low-buttoning, bell-sleeve cardigan, for instance, appears to be losing out to the neatly fitting knit pullover.

For the spectator, there is a return this year to an old favorite—Scottish checks, that range from traditional hound's-tooth and shepherd patterns to the more complex district checks, such as the Glenurquhart.

College students take their Easter vacations by the sea in such droves these days that Designer Rose Marie Reid has created two new bathing suits especially for College Week. While their long-legged look may remind old-grad girl watchers of Annette Kellerman, the college men haven't got a beef—they started it all themselves.

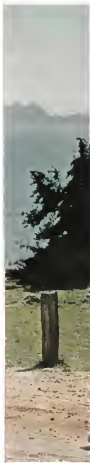
For more news of spring—a new short cut to raincoats and a look at the 30-year-old design that has swept the chemise and the trapeze into oblivion—turn the page.

At the Crosby, Sam and Jan Curry watch the play. Sam's 19th-hole Maser is in the green of the Augusta National (\$65, Rogers Peet); J. W. Robinson). His white slacks are a wash-and-wear blend of Orlon and rayon (\$18, Palm Beach; Rogers Peet). Jan exemplifies the coordinated look: hand-knit cabled cardigan (\$25, Crooks & Castles); matching Dacron-cotton blouse (\$10, McMalley); plaid wool shorts (\$23, Robert Powell Johns) that match her golf bag (\$50, Atlantic Products). All at J. P. Allen, Dayton Co., Gidding's, Halle Bros., Lord & Taylor, Maison Medusette.



SPORTING LOOK *continued*

Posed with shooting-stick umbrella (Latter's, Del Monte), Jan Curry follows tournament on a sleeveless cardigan of Orton (\$15, John Weitz for Shelby; B. Altman, Meier & Frank, Neiman-Marcus) over tailored cotton shirt (\$2, Ship 'n Shore; B. Altman) and new foalard-printed wool challis shorts (\$24.50, Galsheim-Turk; George Steinhilber, Outdoor Traders).



At Cypress Point, Pat Melchior wears knit pullover (\$18, Gino Pizzi; Amelia Gray, Neiman-Marcus), golf shorts of Ducren-cotton paplia (\$15, Eran-Picover; Lord & Taylor, Meier & Frank, Neiman-Marcus). Adolph Yarraide's shirt is alpaca (\$20, Bernhard Altman); Whitehouse & Hardy's; his slacks are linen (\$22.50, Duke; Jerry Rothchild's, Saks Fifth Avenue, James K. Wilson).



Lambretta's new Sarreg (\$1,250) speeds a foursome along Monterey's 17-Mile Drive. The ladies wear above-knee skirts of Arnel fausse, attached to shorts (\$18); skirts are Ban-Lan (\$10, all Ricci for Haymaker; Best's, I. Magnin, Neiman-Marcus). Sam Curry's pullover is wool (\$15, Rogers Peet). His Dacron-cotton slacks (\$15) and Adolph Yturralde's cotton shirt (\$9) and Arnel slacks (\$12) are all by Izod (Bullock's-Pasadena and Santa Ana, DePinus, Giddings). Sam's shoes are Etowas (\$97.50); Pat Melchior's, Spalding (\$14).



WHAT MAKES YOU THINK IT BURNS CHAMPAGNE?

It doesn't, of course. But the first time you buckle yourself behind the spring-steel wheel of a Corvette you're going to swear that something more exotic than mere gasoline is fueling that V8.

There's such a tremendous elation in the way a Corvette strides down the road, such a bubbly, tingling, let's-do-something aliveness about the way it responds. If it were nothing but a "straight-line" car, the full-throated sound and surge of that free-breathing V8 alone would be worth the price of admission. But when you wed that cyclone-

breeder to a pure sports car chassis, to the sticks-like-glue stability of real sports car suspension, you've got a road machine that will spoil you for anything else, ever!

Have you driven a Corvette? Have you ever flicked that *all-synchro* four-speed gearbox down into Low for engine braking just before a hairpin corner? Have you ever gripped a wheel that translates the exact "feel" of the road to your fingers? If the answers are "no," we sincerely envy you. Check your Chevrolet dealer. He's got an Experience waiting for you—and that's a capital E!



by Chevrolet

... Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan

New decorum decreed for the golfer

As is demonstrated by the young lady at the right in action-flared skirt and rolled-sleeve shirt, designers are planning on more decorum on the golf course this spring. There are more golf skirts, designed to give as much freedom of stride as shorts. One of the best is a short, knee-length skirt which is made over shorts (page 44).

For men, too, a quieter style is indicated, with colors more subdued than in the past five years and clothing cut to a trimmer line. The golf shirts on page 45 illustrate both the new pleatless, cuffless cut, and color used in small geometric foulard patterns.

The pullover sweater-shirt in fine-gauge knit—cotton, wool, alpaca, Orlon or Tycora—worn outside the waistband, looks like the golf shirt of the year for men and women.

A change from popular sleeveless cotton shirts for women are tailored long-sleeve shirts, worn wrist-length or rolled to the upper arm.

There are as many variations in golf jackets as there are in putters—and this spring brings forth a new contender with a sleeve construction called Kymout, which allows for movement sideways and up and down. It is made in both men's and women's jackets (page 44).

The news in golf shorts is in the detail. Pockets for extra balls and cigarettes, tabs for tees and loops for towels are arranged to add the least bulk. Golf hats, many of them roll-brim straws, are offered to replace last year's fad—the beribboned gondolier. Men stick to raffa Tyroleans.

Coming up to the 10th hole is Pat Melhorn in a wrap skirt of sueded poplin and zip-front oxford shirt (skirt \$15, shirt \$10, Glen of Michigan, J. P. Allen, Frederick & Nelson, Lord & Taylor, Marshall Field). Hats: Tapscott; golf socks (\$2, Mame); shoes (\$25, Benetton).

CONTINUED





Neck-wrangling cashmere sweater has this navy collar shush buttons up to tenth neck or converts to a spread (\$30, Perk & Perk). It is worn by Jan Curry with dyed-to-match cotton poplin shorts and Tapou-Hanes colorfully beaded straw hat.

SPORTING LOOK *continued*



Here are the season's two hottest golf shoes. The top one is one of the slimmest shoes ever designed for golfers, has interchangeable lifts in different colors: red, black, white (\$25, Johnston & Murphy; Whitehouse & Hardy). Black-and-white-checked hose are by Caz, Moore.

The other new golf shoe has a revolutionary closure, developed by Tabco. It's a variation of the zipper: coars, fastener called a Skin-Lok, which eliminates lace. Device is of spring steel, is easily adjustable for comfortable fit and is covered by a knife dagger. (\$37, Foot-Joy).



Active-back rain jackets for the drenched golfer are of water-repellent Dacron and cotton (both Walter & Geiger), with new Kawant sleeve construction designed to keep jacket down when golfer is swinging. Sam Curry's jacket has elastic inserts at the wrist for additional grip (\$17.50; Bardner's, Lattin's, Saks Fifth Avenue). Jan's has knitted wristband for snug fit, is worn with walking-pile lined skirt of same fabric (jacket \$18, skirt \$14; Neiman-Marcus, Saks Fifth Avenue).



The new trousers, as they favoring will be those of wide bottom, a blue-and-yellow faulter for print as blue ground. The new shirtless, here side adjusting tube, so easy to lead with sand (\$37.50, Galtstein-Tuck; Mannie Walker; Outdoor Traders, Greenwich; Gen. Starkfield, Palm Beach; Foot-Jog Shoes, Champion gloves.

At Crosby tournament golfer Ronnie Noel wears plus four made in Scotland; Pat Melchior, cotton shorts with low side pocket and back tab for towel with sleeveless shirt (shirts \$11, shirt \$8, Louisa Suggs; Saks Fifth Avenue).



A golfer's leather windbreaker is cut for action, with back of stretchable knit to matching large, side tabs to adjust fit at the hip, low-placed pockets (\$60, Samart Robert; Laffer's Seattle and Pebble Beach, all Saks Fifth Avenue stores). Mrs. Curry wears it at the Del Monte Golf Course.



CONTINUED

SPORTING LOOK *continued*

New suits for college vacations

IF COLLEGE MEN get a shock when they see dates logging it to the beach in leg-covering swimsuits this spring, they have themselves to thank. It was the surf-riding college men of the West who first imported from the surfers of Hawaii long-legged swim trunks and started a fad for the Gentleman Jim look (SI, Nov. 12, '56). Seeing the practical as well as the fun side of the look, Designer Rose Marie Reid, who won SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's Sporting Look Award last year, was inspired to outfit college girls for the same sports. She developed knitted suits for SPORTS ILLUSTRATED and the set that gets to such hangouts as Bermuda or Balboa at Easter time. For the college crowd it looks like a long-legged spring—and summer.

At Santa Monica, three UCLA students observe the look the girls are stealing from them: Bob Billings (top) in striped boat-neck T shirt (\$4) and teamed-up surfer-length trunks (\$8, Jantzen); Gerry Cohn (left) in another boat-neck pullover (\$8) with cotton basketball-style shorts (\$8, both Catalina); and John McCurdy in a tank top (\$3) and elasticized knee-length "John L." trunks (\$10, Jantzen).

UCLA rodeo model Rose Marie Reid's Orlox and-Inster knitted college-girl suits: Pauline Kelly, calf-length pants with striped camoufle; Claire Greger, striped shorts and fitted pull-over (each \$25, Lord & Taylor, Marshall Field, Neiman-Marcus, J. W. Robinson, Stearns').





Hound's-tooth and hounds, in this case French poodles, are aired in San Francisco by Mrs. Edwin Wilson. Her walking suit is made of spring's new worst fabric, an Oxford-and-hound's-tooth check, in spring's newest cut: elbow-length sleeves, knee length, open neckline (#275, Monte-Santo & Prunty; Bergdorf Goodman, J. Magnin, Marshall Field). Diner hat, I. Miller shoes.

On a country weekend at the Country House in Monterey, Mrs. George Dyer poses in a brief blouse that blends with the California background. Her full-length coat and walking skirt are made of three-color hound's-tooth-check Irish linen, an overblouse of natural linen (\$135, Vera Maxwell; Saks Fifth Avenue, all stores). Shoes are I. Miller; Vivoban gloves, Kodak.



The versatility of checks

WHETHER appearing in the newest suit silhouette of spring—the short-sleeved walking suit at left—or in a classic Chanel (*see following page*), the check is the season's dominant pattern.

This is just as true in men's suits. After many a long season of dark blues and grays, the new checks will add variety to a man's wardrobe. What's more, checks serve double duty—as shown here, a checked suit can be as business-like or as casual as the occasion demands.



In New York, Bob Smith wears a glass-checked checked suit (\$160, Hacky-Freeman); F. R. Traylor with a tab collar and a silk print tie.

In New Canaan, Dirk Luv wears true trans checked checked suit (\$135, Hilton, Larrimore's) with a yellow teal, knit tie, a brushed Tynolan hat.

CONTINUED



The popularity of classics

A CLASSIC is defined as apparel in such simple good taste and so becoming that it continues in style in spite of changing fashions. This year classics are the pace-setters, and some of them—photographed at the New Costume, Costume of Eric Boussings—are shown here. They are also classic in fabrics—ranging from hood plums to nearly inviolable chock-

A "bass" suit and tie first are modeled at night by Gina Taylor and \$125, Men's \$4; Howard; Lord & Taylor, John Wummerker. In the background are Ten Arnold in shawl dress and jacket of wool broad-shoulder-check rayon and urushi 1986, Sportswear; Wert & Frawd, and Pat Olin in a pleated-knit suit of chenille cloth with cotton rayon pullover, cummerbund \$47, Mr. Goe, Hosiery Co., Laguna Hills.



It is a very neat little museum of the history of the district, which had forty years. It is open to the public, and the tanks are all in the hands of the district. The district is a very neat little museum of the history of the district, which had forty years. It is open to the public, and the tanks are all in the hands of the district.





... and the shirtwaist dress

The dress which has followed the natural lines of the figure for 80 years is already proving to be everybody's dress for spring. The shirtwaist dress is shown by Miss Ott in check silk gingham (\$55, McMillen; Lord & Taylor, I. Magnin, Marshall Field). Bob Smith wears a faded lariat wool sport jacket (\$65, E. S. Deane; Trooping the Colour, Tweeds and Wreeds).

CONTINUED

The duality of rainwear

OF LATE, the designers of raincoats, taking advantage of the handsome water-repellent fabrics now at their disposal, have turned to making raincoats so handsome that they will be worn on the sunniest of spring days. Here are seven examples, representative of the varied look of rainwear available this spring. Note the capes, the rain suit and particularly the new short, flared cut—a look the women will borrow from the men to wear with tapered pants—whether it rains or whether it doesn't.



Capes, cut with the swagger of a hobo's in a gentleman's, turn up this spring. Lionel Wiggan's is of tan poplin, lined with black (\$20, Golden Fleece; Willy Brothers, Ralock's Department), Ruth Elling's reverses from blue to natural poplin (\$25, Fulviline; Lev Miller). Thomas Begg grouse helmets.





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jiffies

by HOLEPROOF™

Wear Them Everywhere They'll Wash Back to New Again!

A comfort success that travels like a sock, feels like a house slipper and wears like a loafer... and it's washable. Soft knit tops in a choice of colors with buoyant vinyl soles. **\$2.95**

NOW IN WOMEN'S AND CHILDREN'S SIZES TOO!

At Leading Stores Everywhere

Holeproof Corporation, Marietta, Georgia • A Division of Kayser-Roth Corp.

More signs of spring

► **THE BOWLER**, biggest hat news of last fall, will spread from coast to coast this spring in a narrow, lightweight felt model, as topper to new plaid suits.

► **A LADIES' BOWLER**, either in felt or in straw, will be worn with spring suits, prompted by the success of the men's version.

► **FELT FEDORAS** with raincoats, snap-brim straws on the golf course are other hats that women will borrow from men this spring.

► **THE COVERT CLOTH TOPHAT** will be back in a knee-length, slightly fitted model, another companion to plaid.

► **THE CONTINENTAL CUT** will be the most talked-about suit shape of the season, and men will be trying on this new suit to find out what all the argument is about.

► **LIGHTNESS IN WEIGHT** will continue as a major suit trend—the six-ounce tropical worsted, lightest ever, in blends of Dacron and worsted, will say spring in the south and summer in the north, in a wide variety of patterns.

► **MOHAIRS AND ZEPHYR WOOLS** will be cable-knit into women's lightweight cardigan sweaters.

► **SLIM PANTS**, held taut by a tab that fastens under the foot and worn with low boots, will achieve a ski pants look.

► **FOULARD-PATTERNED SCARVES** will decorate both men and women. The silk pocket square for men, in patterns that do not match but complement the tone of the tie, will replace the white handkerchief.

► **BLAZERS**, in many new colors and in double-breasted as well as single-breasted models, will be seen with the new patterned slacks.

► **THE SPECTATOR SHIRT**, in two tones, one of them always white, will come back on the golf course and, for women, on the street with checks and plaids.

SAND

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Win this son of Oil Capitol

WINNER OF
\$580,000

KENTUCKY CLUB ANNUAL DERBY DAY CONTEST

JUST NAME HIM AND HE'S YOURS



Ted Atkinson,
Hall of Fame jockey,
helped select this colt.

Ted says:

"This colt caught my eye immediately! He has the blood, training and refinement of a future champion."

FIRST PRIZE GIVES YOU TRIPLE AWARD!

1. Bay Thoroughbred colt sired by Oil Capitol, stakes winner of 19 races and \$580,000.
2. All expenses for board and training your prize colt by the experienced trainer, L. K. Haggin, at War Horse Place, Lexington, Ky., to July 1, 1959 are paid by Kentucky Club.
3. Two choice seats for 1959 Kentucky Derby—plus hotel room for four days—plus \$1,000.00 in cash for expenses and to shoot the works at the races.



KENTUCKY CLUB PRIZE COLT

Oil Capitol (Sire)	Marble Rever Again II	Letterm II Star Marshal Powers (Granddam)
Steele (Dam)	Buck Cinabari	Thurston Jill-A Indiscreet Venture Cinna

TOTAL OF 300 GREAT PRIZES



2nd to 7th PRIZES—Photo High Fidelity Photograph, Concert Hall Calendar, French Practical Biplane, Custom Control Console, New Stereo Reproduction, Technicon Phonograph System plus 12 inch wonder 8 Super 8 cameras, Chicago Transistor Power Amplifier with 20 Watts of Output, Jacks for Tuner and Stereo Tape Input and External Stereo Amplifier, Dual Needle Ceramic Reproduction with Diamond Stylus on LP 30 1/2" x 3 1/2" x 10 1/2"

8th to 32nd PRIZES—Plaid jacket, size 6-transistor radio, 6000 of size from only 1 per light batteries, 2-tone both support plastic case. Carrying handle also supports radio for table top use.

33rd to 300th PRIZES—Beautiful, simulated oil painting of 1959 Kentucky Club Prize Colt. As desired, copy of original oil painting by Alma P. Brown, Jr., world-famous equine artist. In wooden frame, ready to hang. About 18 x 13 inches.

CONTEST RULES—1. In not over 25 letters, not more than three words, write a name for the Kentucky Club prize colt. Count punctuation or space between words as letters. For example, Nick Winter counts as 12 letters. Use plain paper or any blank. Print your name and address.

2. Send an entry encased as you like in "Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest," P. O. Box 3-C, Mount Vernon 10, N. Y. Each entry must be accompanied by front of outer wrapper from any of Kentucky Club's brands of pipe tobacco: Assorted Kentucky Club Mixture, London Dark, Whiteball, Brand Creek, Paper's Patch Mature, Crosby Square, Donnell, Kentucky Club White Burgers, Wildcatby Taylor. Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 6, 1959. No entries returned. All become property of Kentucky Club—Division of Mail Patch Tobacco Co.

3. Prizes will be awarded as listed elsewhere on this page. Entries will be judged by the Raulen H. Denney Corporation on the basis of originality, quality of thought and brevity. Judges' decisions final. The phone prize is in cash. All members of a family may compete, but only one prize to a family.

4. Everyone in United States and possessions or Canada may enter the contest except employees of the manufacturers of Kentucky Club's Tobacco, its advertising agencies and members of their families. Entries must be the original work of contestant. Contest subject to Federal, State and local regulations.

5. Your winner will be notified in single time to attend the Derby, other winners will be notified by mail approximately six weeks after close of contest. Prize colt will be presented in winner at Churchill Downs during Derby Day week. If because of accident or other reason it is necessary to withdraw the colt, deceased owner, another Thoroughbred of comparable value will be awarded. List of winning prizes available to those requesting same and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.

ENTRY BLANK

Just write name for Kentucky Club prize colt in not over 25 letters and not over three words.

NAME FOR HORSE

Mail to "Kentucky Club Derby Day Contest,"

P. O. Box 3-C, Mount Vernon 10, N. Y. Post. 15

Entries must be postmarked not later than midnight, April 6, 1959.

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KENTUCKY CLUB'S 9 QUALITY BRANDS
You're so right to switch to a pipe! And you're doubly right to switch to Kentucky Club's famous quality blends. All guaranteed fresh. All packaged in Keenwood pouch that keeps tobacco fresh, mellow and cool-smoking.





'Bring fish for a start'

Kedgeree, an old breakfast standby in England, serves just as well to enhance a buffet lunch or supper. And it solves the problem of what to do with the rest of that big fish

*O breakfast! O breakfast! The meal of my heart!
Bring porridge, bring sausage, bring fish for a start,
Bring kidneys and mushrooms and partridges' legs,
But let the foundation be bacon and eggs.**

THUS Sir A. P. Herbert, English novelist and former member of Parliament, champion of many causes, declares in favor of the traditional, man-sized British breakfast.

The verse puts me in mind of glorious morning spreads laid out on the antique sideboards of post World War II paying-guest castles in England, Scotland and Ireland. For even through years of austerity and contracting empire, breakfast has remained a show in the British Isles. I think of cold meats on silver platters and surprises of grilled this-and-that in little lidded dishes over blue alcohol flames. Just as in Edwardian days, the fare can range from kippers to cold game to "sausage and mash."

This English breakfast—completed with tea (and today, even coffee), toast, muffins, crumpets or scones, jam, marmalade and honey, fruits from the hothouse or orchard—is really a sort of Anglian smorgasbord, to be eaten in several courses.

For whatever reasons of habit, temperament or prevailing climate (perhaps the efficiency of central heating arrangements has most to do with it), there are few Americans who would elect to start the day with a breakfast of such proportions. However, the same meal can be adapted admirably to serve as a brunch or buffet supper with far more individuality than the frequently encountered combination of a ham, a turkey and a salad or a casserole dish and a salad.

Silver dishes and alcohol lamps can be substituted for by a variety of new electric warmers, enameled-iron covered dishes and fireproof platters. These should contain such simple and good things as grilled kidneys and bacon, grilled mackerel or other fish, mushrooms on toast, grilled tomatoes and bacon, sausages and mashed potatoes, an omelet, ham or bacon and eggs, thin slices

of calf's liver. There should be one platter at least of very special ham or other cold meat, and cold game birds if possible.

An excellent dish to be included in such a meal—and a traditional breakfast specialty in England—is shown in the photograph on the opposite page. This is a British adaptation (considerably toned down in spiciness) of an Indian invention called kedgeree. Since it calls for previously cooked fish in combination with other ingredients, the dish is economical in providing a way to employ leftovers. It should be of special interest in the household of the fisherman who sometimes brings home a huge salmon or other oversized game fish which cannot be consumed at one sitting.

KEDGEREE serves 10)

With or without the accompaniment of the traditional English breakfast, this tasty preparation of fish, rice and eggs makes an attractive side dish on a buffet table. It needs only to be supplemented by a platter of crisp bacon and a salad to serve admirably as a simple Sunday supper.

- 2½ cups or more of boned, cooked fish, in large flakes (salmon, as in picture, fresh or smoked haddock or other leftover fish)
- 5 cups of cooked rice (quick-cooking processed rice done only till firm, not soft, or leftover firm rice)
- 8 hard-boiled eggs
- 1 bunch of watercress (leaves only, chopped fine)
- ½ pound butter
- 3½ tablespoons tomato catsup (optional)
- Tabasco sauce or cayenne pepper
- Salt; paprika if desired

Cut whites of six eggs julienne style; sieve the yolks. Sift 2 remaining eggs to use as garnish. Melt butter in top of double boiler; add cooked rice and toss together while over the boiling water. When rice is heated, mix in julienne of whites of eggs and also the flaked fish gently, so as not to end up with a hash—and continue heating.

Fold in watercress, and catsup if desired. Season to taste. Spoon out, very hot, in mound shape on a hot platter or serving dish. Powder with sieved egg yolks; garnish with the slices of hard-boiled egg.

Photograph by Louise Dahl-Wolfe
Serving dish and spoon from Romea

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A FACELESS PRETZEL AT CAMP, SOLLY HOPES HE WILL NOT BE A FACELESS MANAGER

BASEBALL / Walter Bingham

Frolic in the spring

**St. Louis has a new leader,
the Reds a new coach,
but all's quiet at the Soreno**

IT was the first week of spring training in Florida. At Al Lang Field in St. Petersburg Solly Hemus, wearing the bright red warmup jacket of the St. Louis Cardinals, stood behind the batting cage, his quick, narrow eyes scanning the scene before him. Minutes ago he had been busy fulfilling his role as utility infielder, blocking ground balls at third base, playing pepper with the boys and taking his five swings with the bat, all the time kidding, yelling and needling in the way that is his. Now, watching the others, making notations on the clipboard he carried and glancing occasionally at a pocket watch, he was performing his major function, that of manager of the Cardinals. As such, he was the perfect gentleman. He accepted interruptions gracefully. He answered questions politely. It looked like the effort was killing him.

Hemus, as a player, is tough, even mean. He can't hit very well or field very well, so naturally he isn't a very good player, but he has managed to stick around the major leagues for 10

years. He is good at drawing walks and at getting the old right elbow in front of a pitch, an art he has practiced so successfully that twice he has led the league in being hit by pitched balls. He is also shrewd.

In 1936, when he was traded away from St. Louis to Philadelphia, Solly made a smart move. Spending only a few minutes and a 3¢ stamp, he wrote a letter to Cardinal Owner Gusie Busch, saying in effect that it had been swell working for such a fine organization and that if at any time in the future Busch should need a manager for the Cardinals, little Solly would love to give it a try.

Just two and a half years later, Busch needed a manager. Hemus was traded back to St. Louis, and now he has his chance.

Last year the Cardinals finished in a tie for fifth place, just three games from the bottom of the league. Has Solly inherited a dying club? No, he doesn't think so. In fact, the Cardinals have a chance to be a real good team. Why no, he wasn't just saying that. If he thought he had a lousy team, he'd say so. Now this team had some fine young players in Boyer, Green, Blasingame, Cunningham. . .

A young infielder named Lee Tate

finished his turn in batting practice and then came around to stand beside the cage, watching.

"Excuse me," said Hemus. "Hey, Tate, every time you finish batting I want you to circle the bases."

Tate, embarrassed, gave him a sick smile. Hemus cooled off quickly. "I don't mean you have to do it now, Tate. Just in the future. By the way, I realize you came out early today. I mean, I know you've been working hard." Obviously feeling better, Tate trotted off.

"The hardest part of this job is player relations," Hemus continued. "It's hard to know how to treat the different guys. Some need encouragement, others need a kick in the pants. Excuse me, Hey, Green, after you finish over there I want you to run."

"Our trip to Japan last fall was helpful. I made some mistakes there, mostly field decisions. For instance, I'd call for a hit-and-run, and it would turn out that the man couldn't hit behind the runner. Now I know the limitations of my players. Excuse me. Hey, Kuhlmann and Standland. I want both of you to take some extra hitting."

Hemus started pulling at the batting cage. A few others helped. The cage was rolled away.

"We have a camera set up behind third base," said Hemus softly. "We want to take movies of both these youngsters' swings. We don't want them to know about it. Now I've got to talk to them, if you'll excuse me." With that, Hemus, wearing No. 7 on his back for luck, departed.

The odds are against Solly. At 35, he is the youngest manager in the majors. He lacks experience. He is working for an organization that expects its managers to win. The list of ex-Cardinal managers is long: since 1950 six have run the team.

But if aggressiveness counts, Solly may survive. He does not lack confidence. If during the season there comes a moment when the Cardinals need a pinch hitter who can get on base, Manager Solly Hemus will not hesitate to call upon the man who can do the job best: Solly Hemus.

At Plant Field in Tampa was Terry Brennan, the former Notre Dame football coach, whom the Cincinnati Reds have hired to help work their baseball players into shape. The Reds would like you to believe they are serious.

continued



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BASEBALL *continued*

Brennan's role is discussed in the new Cincinnati Yearbook with such high-sounding phrases as "unprecedented move in major league baseball," "specialized instruction," "new phase of conditioning" and, lastly, "strenuous football conditioning processes."

At 10 a.m. the Reds came galloping onto the field and began circling it. When they reached the far side of the field, they stopped, produced gloves and balls and began playing catch.

"No, no," came a shout from the opposite side. "Over here." All action stopped as the group of players stared apprehensively in the direction of the shout. Slowly, reluctantly, the players trotted back. Waiting patiently was Terry Brennan, disguised in Cincinnati uniform No. 5.

The group formed four lines. "The first exercise," said Brennan, "will be side-straddle-hop."

Brennan gave a brief demonstration of it, and then the squad began. Hands slapped against thighs. After 30 seconds they stopped.

"The next exercise will be 15 sit-ups." The squad sank to the earth. Brennan began. Some tried to keep up with him, others just lay there. Next came a round of toe-touching. Suddenly, seven minutes after it began, the exercise period was over. The players, looking pleased, trotted off to play pepper. Brennan retreated somewhat self-consciously to the sidelines.

"This job with the Cincinnati or-



EX-COACH TERRY BRENNAN SHOWS THE

ganization," said spring's most famous callisthenes teacher, "is very pleasant. I am scheduled to begin work with Goldman, Sachs & Co. in Chicago in April. I had six weeks with nothing to do when this came along. The ball club is paying all expenses for me, my wife and the four kids."

It has been a difficult winter for Terry Brennan and his family, and the lure of six free weeks in Florida is obvious. If the strenuous football conditioning processes he knows so well have little value in honing the body for the game of baseball, Coach Brennan is reaping the early spring publicity the Reds hired him for. Emmett Kelly could do no better for the Dodgers.

The lobby of the Soreno Hotel, where the New York Yankees stay in St. Petersburg, specializes in silence. Since the hotel attracts an elderly crowd, the pace is slow, the talk whispered. Heavy Persian rugs muffle the sound of footsteps. Along one wall hangs heavy green drapery. Tall fish-tail palms stand in large green pots, swaying slowly whenever a breeze drifts in from the open porch. There are wicker chairs all about, and in them sit the guests quietly. At the far end of the lobby is a calendar of coming events: the Garden Club presents a springtime fashion show; the Soreno invites you to Sunday evening concerts.

If there were a Soreno Hotel in every American League city, the night-clubbing Yankees might win the pennant by forty games. **END**



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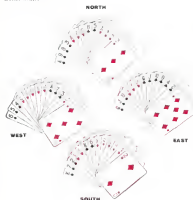
CHARLES GOREN / Cards

A nursery rhyme that works

THE FELLOW who hands out advice in any field is, of course, leading with his chin, but he is in a particularly hazardous position in bridge. The advice may be perfectly sound, but it becomes progressively less so as it is passed from person to person. Mr. Alexander Pope knew what he was talking about when he referred to a little learning, and he might have added that a little truth is equally dangerous.

Getting down to cases, I have been preaching for a long time that "an opening bid facing an opening bid will produce game." And so it will—with reasonable qualifications. On a recent occasion, however, this slogan of mine was tossed right back in my face by a friend—temporarily a bit irate—who found that it did not apply to the following case. I sympathized with him but tried to convince him that it wasn't my slogan that was at fault.

Both sides vulnerable
South dealer



SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1♠	PASS	1♠	PASS
2♠	PASS	4♠	PASS
5♠	PASS	PASS	PASS

Opening lead: heart queen

Unfortunately for my friend, who was North—and for myself, sitting just behind him (at his request)—South went down one at his five-diamond contract. Whereupon North turned to me and said with some acerbity, "You and your nursery rhymes! I had an opening bid facing an opening bid—so why didn't we make game?"

I could have turned the other cheek, but for one thing I'm rather fond of this "nursery rhyme," since it has pulled in a lot of points for me throughout the years; and, for another, if you can't fight with your friends, whom can you fight with? (There was a third point, but I'll get to that later.) So I told him that the slogan doesn't apply to minor-suit games needing eleven tricks, and that he might have considered the advisability of getting to three no trump. Granted, I continued, it would not be proper for North to bid no trump himself as a second-round response to South's diamond rebid, because whatever strength South might have in clubs should be led up to, not through. The wise thing for North to do was to underbid a shade, raising to only three diamonds instead of four, and his partner undoubtedly would have been happy to veer into three no trump.

My third point—which I didn't discuss with my friend because his partner was a nice fellow and I certainly didn't want to embarrass him—was that the five-diamond contract, inferior though it was, could have been made. South actually grabbed the first trick with his heart king, drew trumps and tried to pass a spade into the West hand, but he had no luck with this plan, and so he finally had to try for the club ace on-side. No luck there either, and down he went.

It would have been a very good idea for South to let West win the first trick. West could do no better than continue hearts. South wins, pulls the opposing trumps, discards a spade on the heart ace, and then cashes the king and ace of spades and ruffs a spade. With that suit breaking 3-3, South has a parking spot for a club and doesn't have to worry about the position of the club ace. If spades don't break, he can try for the favorable club lie as a last resort.

But I still say that my friend should have bid only three diamonds, not four, instead of trying to fix me for writing nursery rhymes.

EXTRA TRICK

A raise from two to three in a major suit urges or, at least, invites partner to bid game in that suit; but the same raise in a minor suit usually suggests that partner should choose between a three no-trump contract and the minor-suit game contract.

END

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Ski Tip

WILLY SCHAEFFLER

Ski Coach, University of Denver

QUESTION: This spring I would like to try touring. Have you any advice on clothing, food or safety?

ONE OF THE most important things in planning a spring ski trip, or for skiing any time in March, is the choice of clothing. Wear several layers of light garments which are warm during the zero temperatures of early morning and which can be rolled into a tight package until needed. Conventional long underwear is not necessary. A set of the net-weave underwear will be plenty warm and still not overheat you under the noon sun. Over this put on a turtle-neck, long-sleeved T shirt made of nylon and cotton. Then two light sweaters, a silk scarf and, finally, a light nylon parka. These layers together will keep you warm in any storm.

In the spring the snow acts as a giant reflector for the sun. Take a pair of sunglasses (not goggles—they will fog up in the heat) with plastic rims and side protectors. Wear them at all times. Nothing is more uncomfortable than sunburned eyes, and that's what you get without glasses. Keep your face well protected with sun cream. And carry a special lip cream. If you have other vulnerable spots, put a little white zinc oxide on to shut off the sun.

Carry a pack-sack to hold extras. For a half-day trip the small holt sack is ideal. For a longer trip use a rucksack with a rigid frame designed to keep the sack off your back. The rucksack should buckle around the waist to lie snug when you ski.

Take a box of dried figs, plums, raisins or other dried fruit for quick energy. Honey in a tube, sugar lumps or grape sugar pills also give a boost. Take cans of concentrated fruit juices which can be thinned with snow to make a refreshing drink. Try rye bread or rye crackers. Avoid big sandwiches or other heavy foods which will make you sleepy and uncomfortable. For these same reasons leave the liquor home. Fortify yourself with a

big breakfast and then take energy snacks and you will ski comfortably.

If you are going into strange country take at least one experienced guide, ski instructor or skier experienced in touring. When you leave tell someone where you are going and when you expect to get back. Make certain that if you are late they will come looking for you. If there is a Snow Ranger around, he is the man to inform. Get a weather report before you leave. In spring a storm can strike quickly.

When you start out move slowly and steadily. You will cover much more ground than if you rush and rest, rush and rest. It is not necessary to carry rope unless you are going into exceptionally difficult high mountain terrain. If you are going that far bring along 50 to 80 feet of light nylon line, dyed blue or red to contrast with the snow. Always rope up if you are crossing any snowfield steeper than 15° and cross the slope one at a time.

There is no sure way to avoid a potential avalanche, but here are a few rules: 1) stay off the steep open slopes and out of steep gullies; 2) do not ski close to trees or rocks, since heat radiation near them may rot the underlying layers of snow and cause a potential avalanche condition that you cannot see from the surface; 3) stick your pole hard into the snow and see if the color of the snow in the hole is greenish blue. If it is, this means the underlying layers are beginning to soften and avalanche danger is building up; 4) if there is an air space under the upper layers of snow, get off the snowfield immediately. It is ready to let go.

One last tip. Always take climbing skins. You may not need them, but they will take up very little room in your sack, and they make climbing immeasurably easier.

END

A black and white photograph of a man in a tuxedo and bow tie, blindfolded with a dark cloth. He is leaning over a table, pouring liquid from a bottle of Seagram's Golden Gin into a glass. A martini glass is also on the table. The background is plain and light-colored.

How to make a martini blindfolded

It should be stated right at the start that the best way to make a martini blindfolded is to peek. However, there *is* a point to be considered here.

You see, it is not eyesight that makes the biggest difference in martini making, but *insight*. To wit: Know that you should use Seagram's gin.

Seagram's you see, is phenomenally competent. It offers you *dryness*. It offers you *smoothness*. It offers you both in the same jiggerful. This is a talent denied the usual type of gin which is neither 94 proof nor blessed by Nature's own mellowing process. Seagram's, in a word, is the *improved* gin. It is even a self-sufficient martini.

We suggest you try a Seagram's martini—with or without blindfold. If you add vermouth, do it with both eyes open. Cheers!

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CATAMARANS

continued from page 18

fitted with pivoting centerboards "properly shaped and at the proper angle of attack" to provide windward ability. If there is a secret to the sudden transformation of this ancient type into an unbeatable craft both to windward and leeward, it probably lies in the combination of lighter weight and improved stability, lessened wetted surface and the ability to add lateral plane by means of centerboards. This, plus rigs and sails almost aerodynamically perfect, including pivoted aluminum masts, luff spars on jibs and full-length main battens, all adds up to speed.

But cats do not "plane" by getting on top of the water in the same sense as planing monohulls. They lack the supporting surface of beam and flat hull sections. Thus there is no "hump speed" where the boat's own bow wave must be surmounted. Instead, they are more like destroyers, very narrow in relation to their length, consequently easily driven and of low wave-making resistance.

How fast will catamarans sail, and how may they be rated in competition against conventional craft? There seems little doubt that a good cat under favorable conditions can travel at approximately five times the square root of her waterline length, as opposed to about 1.3 in a displacement hull. In other words, a 16-foot catamaran should be capable of sailing at 20 knots. At the same time, a nonplaning boat of the same size would be plugging along at 5.2 knots. Thus, even adding the length of the two hulls together and calling a 20-foot cat 40 feet long for rating purposes would not overcome the difference in speed, lending some credence to the remark of an enthusiast: "You can't establish a formula to match an ocean and a Ferrari. Cats will have to race as a separate class."

The regatta did not prove all catamaran designers had achieved the breakthrough, and there is danger the market will be flooded with basically bad boats, both sail and power. As Roland Prout has written, "There is more to catamaran design than twin hulls." This was proved in the majority of races, when the catamarans divided into two widely separated groups, so far apart it was hard to believe they had started together. Of eight twin-hulled craft, four were

consistently in the leading division; the remaining four were mostly back in the ruck.

Nor does the performance of catamarans in sheltered waters necessarily mean they are now equally adapted to long ocean passages, despite pressure in this direction, which undoubtedly will increase, particularly from proponents of cuts in the Honolulu race, Bob Harris commented, "Cats can be made strong enough to go to sea and the weight problem can be licked, but it is impossible to forget they lack ultimate stability. Beyond a certain point, they will not recover from a knockdown but capsize. As we're thinking of them today, they're not safe offshore."

But no one who watched catamarans knifing through Biscayne Bay will question that sailing one is the nearest earthbound approach to jet flying—silent, responsive to the touch and with a feeling of exhilaration only the sensation of extreme speed can bring. A new dimension has been added to small-boating. As George O'Day, 1957 Mallory Cup winner and current International 14 champion, summed it up with an invitation after the final race: "Come along to the ceremony. We're burying the planking boats on the clubhouse lawn and making a flower garden of them."

END

1959 ONE OF A KIND RACE

Catamaran classes prove an shaker. Boats with the advantage of sliding water or Duponts are marked with an asterisk.

FINAL STANDINGS

Corrected according to handicap formula which penalizes large size, sail area, etc.

POSITION AND CLASS	POSITION AND CLASS	POSITION AND CLASS
1 Tigress	13 Int. 14	27 Comet
2 Cougar Cat	15 C. New	28 International
3 Cougar*	16 Starline	29 Vela Cat
4 Skuasider	17 Finn	30 Lightwing
5 265*	18 Albatross	31 Flying Scot
6 A New	19 Dandelion	32 Windmill
7 Jolly Boat*	20 Mohawk	33 Pegasus
8 Wildcat	21 V-Flyer	34 Star
9 E New	22 Highlander	35 Interlake
10 Dutchman*	23 Raven	36 Gannet
11 Fever*	24 Thrush	37 Rebel
12 Moss Kat	25 Snipe	38 Malibu
13 Sou'wester	26 Jet 14	39 Stetich

FASTEST DOZEN

Based on boat speed tests (disregarding handicap).

POSITION AND CLASS	POSITION AND CLASS	POSITION AND CLASS
1 A Scow	5 Fever*	9 Moss Kat
2 Tigress	6 Wildcat	10 Dutchman*
3 Cougar Cat	7 Skuasider	11 Jolly Boat*
4 E Scow	8 Raven	12 C Scow



THE BEGINNING OF THE GREAT EXODUS

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Departure time was 4:20 p.m., at
White River Junction. Camp took us
down in the pick-up. Ed Housette
and Bruce H. Worsley rode in back, on
the pile of boxes, paddles, packbags,
I felt sad, apprehensive, and
gloomy.

MAN AGAINST THE BARREN GROUNDS

by ARTHUR R. MOFFATT

Mrs. Arthur R. Moffatt
Norwich, Vermont

In 1955, when he was 36, Art Moffatt, a Vermont naturalist and adventurer, led a remarkable expedition into a bleak, little-known corner of northern Canada—and he kept a remarkable diary (see above). Moffatt believed that man's battle against the wilderness, with the aid of helicopter and outboard motor, had become today a lopsided affair. He proposed to meet nature on the simplest of human terms. For the first of two installments detailing the beauty and terror—of the struggle of six courageous men in a hostile land, here published for the first time, please turn the page

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BREAKING CAMP ►

"Loading up was hard water so shallow we had to carry everything. Along the shore were jackpine and spruce, some birch and poplar and, at the water's edge, the usual willow and alder."

FOREST FIRE

"The sun, when covered with smoke, can be viewed without squinting. Ashes drift slowly to the water and float placidly on the lake's surface. Still few signs of the trees getting much smokier."



On Sept. 24, 1955, the following dispatch appeared in "The New York Times":

"PRINCE ALBERT, SASK. Planes flew over the tundra of the Arctic region today looking for a trace of a six-man expedition. The group was a week overdue on a 900-mile canoe trip.

"Led by a veteran woodman, Arthur Moffatt, 36, of Norwich, Vt., the explorers had provisions for 80 days. They have been gone 85 days, but officials said there were deer and elk in the area that the men could shoot for food.

"The group left Stony Rapids, Sask., en route to Baker Lake, 150 miles south of the Arctic Circle."



ARTHUR R. MOFFATT

"The only real adventure pole man agent of nature."

ART MOFFATT'S PROSPECTUS

Although brought up in a suburb of New York, Art Moffatt was already an accomplished adventurer when other boys were still tying their first Boy Scout knots. At 17, he embarked on a major expedition, 700 miles down the Albany River from Sioux Lookout in western Ontario to the lower part of Hudson Bay. Incredibly, he made the trip alone. After graduation from Dartmouth in 1931, he was variously an ambulance driver, university instructor, lecturer, and in 1931 became managing editor of Ski Magazine. From 1950 to 1954 he led yearly trips down the Albany, studying the region's geology and wild life as he went. In the course of these journeys he became fascinated with the forbidding wilderness still farther north and determined one day to go there after reading Report on the Duhaunt, Kazan and Ferguson Rivers, written in 1896 by a Canadian geological surveyor, Dr. J. B. Tyrrell, the only white man before Moffatt ever to lead an expedition across the bleak expanse of the Great Barren Grounds. In 1955 Moffatt organized a six-man exploration party and prepared this prospectus.

THE CANOE ROUTE from Lake Athabaska over the Great Barren Grounds to Chesterfield Inlet on Hudson's Bay was first explored by Dr. J. B. Tyrrell of the Canadian Geological Survey in 1893. With his brother and six Indian canoeemen, Dr. Tyrrell left on July 2. Almost two and a half months later, after running scores of dangerous rapids, the party reached the coast.

Since Dr. Tyrrell's exploration of the route, no other party has made the trip. We will be the first all-white party ever to make the trip. In our journey north we will pass into the hunting and trapping grounds of the Chipewyan Indians and out onto the

Barren Grounds, beyond the northern limit of trees. This is the summer range of the vast herds of caribou. The lakes and streams are reported to be full of trout up to 25 pounds in weight.

After crossing country recently inhabited by the Inland Eskimos, we will reach the junction of the Duhaunt and Thelon rivers and the country of coastal Eskimos. At Baker Lake, almost 900 miles from Athabaska, we shall reach a trading post, our first contact with the outside world.

Two of the major problems we shall face are food and fire. The greater part of the route is through the treeless tundra, and what fuel there is is often too green or wet to burn. We will not be able to pack enough gas to cook two meals a day.

Food may be even more acute. I have a letter from Dr. Tyrrell. [Dr. Tyrrell died in Toronto in 1957 at the age of 98.—Ed.] He writes: "You will need to have a couple of high-powered rifles so that you can shoot game at long range, otherwise starvation is likely to threaten from early in the trip. . . ."

Unfortunately, the Administration of the Northwest Territories is not particularly anxious to have us hunt game for supplies. They have permitted us to hunt only in case of "threatened starvation."

To conclude, the hardships we face, besides those already mentioned, are bad weather, unbelievable swarms of mosquitoes and black flies and the lack of fire. Always we face the possibility of illness, accident or starvation 500 miles from help.

TO BEGIN ART MOFFATT'S DIARY, TURN PAGE

I: NORTH TO THE ARCTIC

JUNE 16-JUNE 19 Departure time was 4:30 p.m. at White River Junction, Vt. Carol took us down in the pickup. Joe Lanoette and Bruce LeFavour rode in back, on the pile of boxes, paddles, packsacks. I felt sad, apprehensive and gloomy about the summer. The train was late. We stood on the platform talking. I held her soft arm. Then the train was leaving, a kiss, and I was too. Carol fell behind on the platform, walking in the same direction as the train, a small figure in a turquoise dress, my wife and the mother of my two children.

Pete Franck joined us at White River Junction. We rode through burgeoning Vermont, ate and went on across the border. The customs came on. Their manner was deferential, for a change, once the letters of permission were displayed. No trouble.

Then Montreal and on to the Toronto train, where we were in a car with a jolly sergeant major recruiting officer and his group of recruits from Nova Scotia, who were learning the joys of barrack-room humor through the medium of the sergeant. He was a glamorous figure.

Out of Toronto (Skip Peal joined party here) on the Super Continental. Train killed moose near Foleyet. Long ride to Sioux Lookout.

Woke about 4 a.m.—sun already high, coming in my berth window as train rushed northwest. Open prairies, farmland, many pothole lakes full of pintail and mallards. Gradually, as I got dressed and went to the dinette, scenery changed slightly, becoming more Dakotish. At noon we reached Prince Albert.

JUNE 20 I am apprehensive about flight from Prince Albert, having typical groundlubber thoughts of crash in bush, etc. Into plane. A brief taxi in knee-high grass, then off and up. Farms turned quickly into bush, pothole lakes, real hush and irregular lakes, then leave granite for sandstone, big sand dunes high and dry, over Black Lake, which seemed immense from air, down to strip at Stony Rapids.

JUNE 21 At Stony Rapids talked with Constable Priest of the Mounties and the Northwest Territories conservation officer. Latter told me we didn't need fishing licenses. Priest had seen Dubawnt Lake last July 29 from air—not frozen. Barren Grounds grizzlies reported by his trappers south of Dubawnt.

Also I talked with Henry Lafferty, who is a kind of half-breed, with pretty good command of English, now about 60 but sturdy, in moccasins, full of information about this country. Lafferty complained about lazy local Chipewyans. They don't want to hunt or dirty their clothes, won't help each other, gamble their money away at poker and play the spit game (oldest game). One man spits at another's chest; spit runs down to right or left, he loses, spit runs into belly button, he wins.

Lafferty reports black flies at Black Lake so thick children can't play outside. Some of the small boys here claim can't see across river for flies in evening.

[For a week the Moffatt expedition waited. George Grinnell, the last man to join the party, arrived at Stony

Rapids on June 27 on schedule, but food supplies, which were supposed to accompany him on the Hudson's Bay Company boat, were left off the manifest. Moffatt canceled the order, took what supplies he could get from the Hudson's Bay Company post at Stony Rapids and set out by truck over 15 miles of rugged road for the jumping-off place at Black Lake.

[The party arrived in beautiful, not to say auspicious, weather only to discover that three canoe paddles had been left behind. When the paddles were finally located and brought up the next day, the weather closed in. In two abortive attempts to get on the lake, the canoes shipped water. The party became apprehensive. On July 1, Moffatt wrote gloomily in his diary: "Between the supply situation and the forgotten paddles, we have been held up a good week. From such apparently harmless delays and mistakes, disasters are made in this country. Skip [Peal] said last night that if he were superstitious he would almost think we were not supposed to go down the Dubawnt." But on July 2 at 7 p.m. the Moffatt expedition got under way.—Ed.]

JULY 2 There was still plenty of light. Once inside Fir Island it was quite calm, but on the open north end of the lake the water was still quite rough.

We continued, but we were still six miles from the portage and, although it was not dark at 11 p.m., it was hard to see the shore. We decided to put in. We ran directly with waves and wind to the shore. A small rocky beach was the only place we could land, and it was directly exposed to the two-foot rollers. As soon as the canoes were beached, water came in over the sterns with each succeeding wave. Everything was soaked again.

JULY 3 I woke worrying about the trip, about Joe [Lanoette], who was pretty slow unloading the canoe last night on the beach, and about myself—whether we would get through all right.

The mosquitoes were still whining very loud, in spite of the broad daylight, and I expected that when I got up I would find the outside intolerable. It was not too bad. We ate, loaded and were off about 11, the lake calm, a thin layer of high clouds.

We found Chipman (Wolverene) portage without much trouble, but it was a tough one. Fortunately, mostly dry, but up and down hills, with two pretty wet muskegs. Leaving one end at 2 p.m. we were not back after our second loads until almost 7. Of course we are in poor shape, and this is the longest portage [2½ miles] any of us have ever made, so it was to be expected.

The flies, huldags especially, were wicked, and back in camp the black flies were the worst I've ever seen.

JULY 4 Waking this morning to rain, we slept late. Skip got breakfast, then we were driven back to our tents by the hordes of mosquitoes brought out by the cloudy weather. In the afternoon we resumed the big portage. I took the 86-pound camera box on the tump (tumpine: a strap for carrying). It was tough. My feet were sore from being wet all yesterday and most of the day before,



THE MOFFATT PARTY ROUTE

Beginning at Stony Rapids, 700 miles north of U.S. border, expedition wound its way northeast through region marked on continental map (insert). The Barren Grounds, an interminable tundra, begins at tree line (center), reach over a broad expanse to polar sea.

but that wasn't the toughest part. The tump pulling on my neck was too much to take for more than 100 yards at a time. To take the strain off my neck I would pull on the sides, at my ears, with my hands—this made my arms so stiff at the elbows I couldn't straighten them out. To rest, I had to find a rock high enough to set the box on. I could never have got it up by myself.

It took from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. to reach the top of the portage, and another hour and a half to get back. I walked slowly. I was tired.

George [Grinnell] and Pete [Franck] each made two trips while I was doing my one. Iron men. George never rests. Good man. Joe says he found saying "son of a bitch, son of a bitch" at every step helped for a while. But the flies are terrible; 6-12 keeps them off for the most part, but deer flies are persistent and will land on back of head, elbows and wrists for a quick jab.

After supper a beautiful quiet twilight set in, with American mergansers and herring gulls flying by, a loon swimming offshore and the lake like a mirror. The smoke

from a distant forest fire towered to enormous heights, then broke down into a gray-brown smudge. Ominous. Full moon blood-red tonight.

JULY 6 Loading up was hard—the water was so shallow we had to carry everything 30 yards farther on up lake. Bulldog flies thicker than I've ever seen them before—100 around each man. Brown with yellow rings around tail.

I have never made such tough portages, had such sore feet, sore back, tired neck. Can't recapture confident, carefree air of first Albany trip in 1937.

JULY 7 Crossed to the beginning of a seven-chain [a chain is a surveyor's length, 66 feet long] portage—the water was now flowing with us. The day was cool and windy, and all the loading and unloading was beginning to be tiresome—so George and Pete decided to portage the seven- and 23-chain (last) portage all at once, walking around the small lake between them. I'd rather canoe than walk, even though it saved only a few hundred yards and meant loading, unloading once again.

JULY 8 Day was very windy, so we made it a day of rest. Spent morning sewing up pants, burned night before while discussing philosophy with George. George's philosophy: do whatever you see with intensity, which in his case does mean vigor. Have confidence and go ahead. Be a lamb, then a tiger, then a shepherd. Last are great men.

[In the days that immediately followed, the expedition made good time despite erratic winds and rain, the back-stiffening portages and missed routes. The maps the party used—they were the only ones in existence—were never precise enough, and there were many times when, after long wearying hours of working up a stream, the canoeists would have to admit their mistake and painfully retreat.]

[Of some help were the old campsites and stone markers and trails left by Chipewyan fur trappers on their yearly trips north to their winter trap lines. At two sites the party discovered cached canoes, and at another lay a forlorn pair of broken snowshoes. The men tired of their diet of imported stores and wanted to hunt, but Moffatt, mindful of the dangers that lay in expending ammunition, clamped down on shooting. On July 15 he wrote, "The sharp talk at supper made everyone edgy. Heretofore we have all been equals. Now I have assumed the sergeant's position. But someone has to stop the foolishness before it has gone too far."

[But for the most part the days were serene. The men

continued



JOE LANOUILLE

Toughest of group, Lanouette was 26 at time of trip, went along for the adventure. He came from São Paulo, Brazil, roomed with Bruce LeFavore (below) at Dartmouth, had no previous knowledge of north woods. Recently mustered out of the U.S. Navy, where he held the rank of ensign, he is presently living in Washington, D.C.



GEORGE GRINNELL

An experienced outdoorsman, Grinnell is named after his grandfather, who wrote 39 books on the American West at the turn of the century. He joined expedition four days after leaving Annapolis, where he was a Signal Corps linesman, and at 22 was in best physical condition of group. Grinnell is now majoring in mathematics at Columbia.



BRUCE LEFAVORE

The group's chief provider and hunter, LeFavore made journey mostly for game and fish opportunities it afforded. He was 26, son of an Amsterdam, N.Y. newspaper executive and student at Dartmouth. Tall (6 feet 11) and thin, he provided comic relief for expedition by growing large and amiable beard. He is at present studying in France.



PETER FRANCK

Party's best fisherman and a fine amateur ornithologist, Franck accompanied Moffatt on earlier trip to Albany River, was enthusiastic outdoorsman. A native of Woodside, Calif., he attended Harvard, was youngest in group (19), probably quietest, often took long nature walks by self while others rested up from the arduous journey.



FRED (SKIP) PESSL

Most popular in group, Pessl had been on several previous expeditions with Moffatt on Albany River, was second in command and party mediator. He came from Goose Point, Mich., and had just received his B.A. degree in English from Dartmouth. Today he is studying geology, hopes to return soon to work in the Barren Grounds.

BARREN GROUNDS continued

settled into a rhythmical existence of paddling, sleeping and eating. Indeed, during this early period—as they were to discover when they looked back on it at the journey's end—the men were lulled into a sense of almost infinite security by the beauties of the country they traveled in. They stopped often to take pictures and movies. They took side trips, studying the birds and animal life and searching for Indian artifacts. Moffatt would pause in his diary to report that he found near a campsite "reindeer moss, huckleberry (?) or cranberry (?). Also a small variety of juniper, like ground pine, and, of course, Labrador tea in the damper spots." Or he would record a bird count: "Have seen 20 to 30 arctic tern on Wholdia, 10 to 15 herring gull, also the least sandpiper, plus 50 merganser, American, and four loon."

[The forests increasingly gave way to endless muskeg bogs. Black spruce, willow and alder became sparse. Birch now were gnarled and stunted, and the underbrush began to disappear. Earlier smoke from many forest fires, probably started by lightning, had blotted out landmarks and raised havoc with navigation hut, even so, Moffatt wrote of them as wonders to be enjoyed, not feared. "Fires are tremendous things. If wind has cleared atmosphere, you see white and gray-purple smoke rising slowly. Then as the breeze stirs, flames suddenly shoot up in straight or slanting column, and steam condenses at dew point in mushroom effect. . . . The sun, when covered with smoke, can be viewed without squinting. Ashes waft softly to the lake's surface."

[With the straggling out of trees, the fires began to disappear. The ridges and hills became increasingly stark. Struggling out of the reverie induced by the enchanted land, George Grinnell agitated for earlier starts in the morning and fewer stops. On July 21, Moffatt had cause to chastise himself too.]

JULY 21 Anniversary day—Carol and I have been married 10 years. Ten years, two daughters, a house, and here I am, in the biggest wilderness of North America.

And this morning, as I loaded the canoe, I felt pretty certain that what I have been suspecting for three or four days is true—namely, that I've started a small hernia in my left groin. It is not particularly painful—there is a small lump about as big as the end of my thumb there; but after lifting the packs and camera boxes, the groin is tired and sore. Then as I paddle, the sensation is with me all day, though much of the time it feels perfectly normal.

This brings up a big question. Whether to continue the trip. Going back would be relatively easy, except for the long portages, and safe. Going on is an unknown quantity—though I can be sure it won't be easy—and there isn't much chance I'll be able to get back, once we start down the river. We are only about one-quarter of the way to Baker Lake, if that far.

If I do go on, the hernia, if it is really one, will probably get worse. Can I depend on the men to help me? Not very well—it takes two men to paddle each canoe, and load and unload. Further, the men would not want to—or be able to—help when tired. Still, the thing might not get worse. If it doesn't, everything will be all right.

[Phase I of the expedition was over, Moffatt's party was now entering the middle—and virtually unknown—

part of its trip. Chipewyans, who had ranged the region of the Chigman River probably for a thousand years, seldom went into Dubawnt country, never across it. It was too far from home, and firewood was almost nonexistent. Only Tyrrell, occasional Eskimos coming down from the north and Canadian mapping teams, traveling by plane, had been where the Moffatt party now proposed to go. The weather, as anticipated, was turning bad.)

JULY 23 Still blowing like hell. Skip and I went on long walk back (south) from point, finding tangled, stunted spruce swamps full of caribou trails, then muskeg, then hay of lake where I spied lesser yellowlegs in treetops, swaying in breeze. We crossed wide tundra to bare-topped ridge. No sun, so got little off course, came out one point too far east on lake, had to go back and around, getting soaked—my moosehide parka and fox fur absorbed ten pounds of water, I guess—and into camp.

JULY 26 About 4 a.m. it was light enough to travel. I looked at the map and decided we were a quarter mile south of the Dubawnt River. We rounded a point, and the river was indeed there. After passing through the first narrows, the sun rose, a beautiful red and gold affair with red water.

Then on to a swift place where the current ran like a highway, smooth and golden in the dawn light, between two walls of boulders, piled straight up by the winter ice. After two of these places, each about 30 yards wide, we came to a real rapid, small but quite rough.

The rapid began with a swift chute, bent left and right again, and then to the left where several boulders stuck up just before the quiet water. I got down with no trouble, but Pete hit a boulder head on—he'd forgotten to lead the current enough. At the foot of the rapid he hit another rock, but landed upright. Skip ran through with no trouble and then, after another rapid and a stretch of lake, there we were at last at the real Dubawnt.

We celebrated that night with a tremendous dinner of two-pound grayling per man, mashed potatoes and pudding. I was too sleepy to carry on, and hit the sack at 9 p.m.—about 48 hours without sleep and 15 miles of travel behind me.

[There followed a succession of rapids in the next days. A youthful river, the Dubawnt has had little time to cut channels. It runs wherever there is a depression in the hard rock leveled by the last great glacier on the land, which receded only 10,000 years ago. Often it spreads out over a wide area. When it does, it is shallow and reveals jagged rocks unsmoothed by age. The few deep spots occur where the Dubawnt joins old streams that had carried off the melted waters of the glacier. Generally these are tight runs between stone cliffs, where the water runs swiftly. The men saw fresh bear tracks but no bear, their first arctic ground squirrel, a white wolf, and then they met the caribou en masse.]

AUGUST 6 We made good time down the swift river—many boulders and easy rapids—and caribou in groups of three to 10 were grazing placidly in the meadows at the water's edge or walking slowly along the stony yellowish ridges. Those grazing would look up as we passed and watch us curiously, and a few would put up their white tails and trot a few paces back from the river before turning again to stare.

We are already accustomed to their presence and hardly look twice at them. Their horns are still in velvet, of course. The big bucks have huge racks, the cows and young bucks smaller sets. Their white feet make them appear to be wearing gaiters.

Yesterday I could hear their ankles or hoofs, I don't know which, as they trotted away from me. It is not necessary to hunt them. All you have to do is sit down downwind, be still, and they will walk up to you.

Country very lovely—almost completely barren—blue and purple hills in distance, groves of larch in hollows, thin line of spruce here and there at edge of lakes and rivers. Night absolutely calm. Full moon one day old, loons crying in the distance, distant roar of small rapid south of the lake. Not a cloud in the sky. Not a mosquito, not a black fly.

[On August 8 the Moffatt party reached Cairn Point, a turning point in the journey. Moffatt wrote in his diary, "All of us getting a little on each other's nerves. We're six weeks out now—a long time."

[Among other things, the expedition's provisions were beginning to run low. There were only 15 packs of cigarettes left and a half can of roll-your-own. The sugar ration was proving woefully inadequate.

[Cairn Point was a huge boulder on the shore of Lake Carey. Tyrrell had described it in his log. After he landed at the base of the boulder, Moffatt climbed to the top. There he found a cairn with a bottle inside. In the bottle was a message signed by Nell Armstrong and K. E. Eadie, two Canadian geographers who had flown in on a

continued

CAROL AND ART MOFFATT

"Anniversary day. Carol and I have been married ten years. Ten years, two daughters . . . and here I am."



mapping expedition. The message read: "Operation Thelon—May 28, 1955. Site of Tyrrell's cairn."

[From Tyrrell's log, Moffatt knew that Tyrrell had been at Cairn Point on August 2, 1893. He was a week behind Tyrrell's schedule, and the end of the short Arctic summer was not far off. There were still some 400 miles to go. Moffatt wrote on the back of the geographers' note: "Moffatt party, August 8, 1955. First all-white party to follow Tyrrell's route from Athabaska and Black Lake to Baker Lake—or at least this far. All is well—enough food—or almost enough." Food was becoming the question now.]

AUGUST 10 Found could conserve sugar by pouring prunes on oats. Syrup sweet enough for one bowl.

AUGUST 12 Should have mentioned in yesterday's log that Bruce (LeFavour) went hunting in the morning, walked several miles east and shot fork-horn cow caribou.

We cut up the loins for steaks. They were full of grubs and cysts of one kind or another, but who cares about tapeworm or worse when fresh meat as good as this is on hand and has not been for 30 days?

Cold now, but I love these evenings alone by the fire, late at night and early in the morning. I smoke, drink tea, think of home, Carol, Creigh and Dehho, of my study, and the children there with me when I get back, and the stories I'll tell about my adventures in the north—shooting rapids, and the time I saw the wolves, white ones, and the caribou and moose and fish and birds.

Already, as 2 a.m. approaches, the fog grows lighter, and dawn approaches. We may move tomorrow when the fog lifts. It might be wise to get some sleep.

AUGUST 14 Most conversation revolves around food. Running low on staples, only 30 days' supply left.

Fog every morning seems to come from the northeast. Can it be off ice on Dubawnt?

AUGUST 15 Two miles to the first rapid out of Nicholson. The rapid looked bad. It was one straight chute, but when we examined it the waves looked passable, provided you kept to right.

So Skip went back to run it. Down he came. He was going very, very fast as he went into the V. As he went into the turbulent end of the V, I watched him from my canoe, noting that he settled some, and thereafter spun his bow toward shore. But he was away out in center of rapid. Then he put up his paddle—danger.

I went back to stop Peter and George and got them stopped as they came through the upper part of the rapid. We all had to turn hard and fight the current to get ashore.

About that time Skip appeared, having walked back over the tundra. He had lost control of his canoe at about mid-rapid, he told us, taken water, spun crazily in cross currents and eddies and generally had a hairy time. He called it pure luck he'd made it.

No doubt about it, the rapid was very steep—about 15 feet in 200 yards. So we decided to portage, and by 4 were on our way again. Within 15 minutes, after passing four merganser and one red-throated loon, we came to the beginning of a new rapid—very, very fast again, but awfully smooth and tempting at the top.



COLUMNS OF FIRE

"Fires are translucent. They smoke, rise slowly. As the breeze dies, flames suddenly shoot up in straight columns."

Looking downriver I could see a sharp head to the left, and possibly an S turn below that, with a high cliff on the right bank in the distance.

Joe and I pulled into an eddy after shooting the first part going like an express train. We decided we had better look over the rest of the rapid. We three sternmen set out on a long walk through willows, then up a bank and through birch brush and from there through a brief creek draining a muskeg, finally coming out into the open and starting up a long sandy ridge to the cliff.

All along we could see it was a very heavy current and big waves. We were hungry. It was late now and I was tired. I knew this was no time to make a decision.

Back in camp, supper had been saved for us. I ate, and then began a painful discussion—salt running low, milk running low. How to save it? Most suggestions met with objections from some quarter. My own feeling is that if I had been able to cook all meals, there would be no problem, but I just can't do it on this trip. And anyway it is too late for that now. We will have to live with what we have.

NEXT WEEK

PART II: VALOR—TRAGEDY

Already nine days behind schedule, the Moffatt party races against winter on the Barren Grounds. The days grow colder, provisions dwindle, game grows scarce. In desperate haste, they take an ultimate chance.

19TH HOLE

The readers take over

BASEBALL: SECONDING MOTIONS

Sirs:

What Baseball Needs (81, Feb. 23) is the most sensible article ever penned.

Your article refers to a "directing brain," herein called the D.B. The D.B. is the manager, sitting on the bench, "percentage possibilities clicking in his head like the tumblers in a slot machine or portable Univac." Here in my home town of Cincinnati we have a National League baseball team now known as the Reds. It seems that the front-office personnel has become resigned to the opinion that the only way to win a pennant is to turn to the services of a D.B.

At the start of the 1958 baseball season the ball club was managed by a true D.B., a platooning marvel known to all fans as Birdie. Directing a game of who's on first and what is where for the majority of the baseball season, he found himself floundering around with a second-division team as the season drew to a close. Unable to decide who to start in center field one day, this platooning D.B. announced his retirement.

The question in the minds of many fans was, "What would become of our cherished team now?" It was answered when the front office announced that a likable chap named Jimmy Dykes would act as interim manager. Immediately this new manager pitched the platoon system over our center field wall out onto Western Avenue and proceeded to plant certain players in certain positions. He also did the unspeakable! He permitted left-handed batters to step into the batter's box against left-handed pitchers. With such ideas, how could this man possibly be in baseball in the year 1958? What could he accomplish? He merely brought the Reds from deep in the second division, up the ladder to a first-division finish.

It now seemed to all fans that Jimmy Dykes could be the only choice of the company management for the manager's position in 1959. But this was not to be the case. The bigwigs hired a man who less than two months before had been fired as manager of a second-division club in Philadelphia. The new D.B. is Mayo Smith, and I will wager my shell-rimmed spectacles against an eye patch that the platoon system is home to stay.

G. D. SCHUMAN

Cincinnati

Sirs:

I used to go to Cincinnati at least 12 times a year and Cleveland three or four. No more. No action. A great article.

SCIPIO A. MYERS

Marion, Ohio

continued

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10TH HOLE *continued*

Sirs:

What Baseball Needs is 100% correct.

JOSEPH MIDLER

Bradley Beach, N.J.

Sirs:

... I agree...

JOSEPH J. T. VALMONT

Austin, Texas

Sirs:

... Astro!

J. E. ROBERTS

Alhambra, Calif.

Sirs:

You hit a four-bagger. Battles are not won by automations. Bench direction for all plays lessens the spot for the player, moults his intelligence and slows down action.

F. G. DUNNICKOFF

Dixon, Calif.

Sirs:

... You are right! ...

SUE STRANDBERG

Babylon, N.Y.

Sirs:

Each year, like a lemming, I go to either the Detroit or New York ball park about a half dozen times. Each time, I go to see one man bat: Ted Williams. My memories of the duels between Williams and topnotch pitchers keep me warm while all the .289 hitters take their turns.

The first day I suspect that Williams is looking down the third-base line for advice from a kibitzer to the duel whether he should "hit or take," that's the day I join the 21-inch-screen viewers.

JIM GALLAGHER

New York City

Sirs:

Let's cut out the fancy Don stuff and play baseball as it was intended with young fellows who know how if they're let alone.

We don't pay our \$2 to see how smart the managers are. They can't knock a ball out of the dugout.

PHIL P. POTTER

Topeka, Kan.

KING AND QUEEN OF THEM ALL

Sirs:

Your splendid article *A Fish to Remember* by Mr. Burton J. Rowles (SI, Feb. 2) brought to mind many happy experiences.

My grandfather, John B. McFerran, was, I believe, the first man to ever catch a bonefish with rod and reel; at least this credit is given by Mr. W. H. Gregg in his book, *When, Where and How to Catch Fish on the East Coast of Florida*, published in 1892.

I remember only too well my first bonefish caught in January 1906, when I was 10 years of age. The guide was Jerome Finder, who was my grandfather's boatman until the death of Mr. McFerran in 1919. Islamorada in those days was known as Pinderville, and the railroad had not been constructed across Upper Matecumbe at that time.

I have caught quite a few bonefish in my life and it has spoiled me for any other kind of fishing. I still think of the bonefish as king of them all.

JOHN B. McFERRAN JR.

Louisville

Sirs:

I have had extraordinary luck with the bonefish.

I have only gone bonefishing twice—the first time in 1948, with Jimmy Albright as my guide. I caught a world record bonefish for men and women, 12 pounds 2½ ounces. Last year I caught five bonefish in three hours, all nine pounds or better, with Cecil Keith Jr. of Islamorada.

LOUISE KAHN

Sarasota, Fla.

WATCH OUT BELOW!

Sirs:

"New York Corporation Lawyer" Coulson's remark that "some of the crew didn't bathe at all" while sailing the *Oadrin* to Rio (WONDERFUL WORLD, Feb. 16) must have been aimed at his port watch only, because we of the starboard watch bathed frequently, especially as we neared Rio and anticipated carnival and the beautiful señoritas! Incidentally, half of the water that Corporation Lawyer Coulson poured over himself cascaded down an open hatch into Tanker Broker Long's bunk.

ALEX SALM

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WAR AND PEACE

Sirs:

Your story about the 1958 West Point football team and their "lonely end" (*Fet Plus Pet Dorkins*, 81, Feb. 2) was quite interesting to me.

Possibly the origin of these plays could be traced back to the study of military history by someone connected with the football team. These plays follow very closely in principal tactics in a much bigger game in 1861 and 1862 where Stonewall Jackson was the "lonely end" and Robert E. Lee the quarterback. Jackson's activities in the Shenandoah Valley kept the Union forces off balance and tied up, out of action, a great many more Union soldiers than the total number of his command.

MORRISON WORTHINGTON

Chicago

● We asked Colonel Earl Blaik, retired Army football coach and active Civil War buff, about Mr. Worthington's thesis. "There is no doubt," said Colonel Blaik, "that the lonely end formation can be compared to a number of military maneuvers, for the concepts of warfare are implicit in the game of football. When Field Marshal Montgomery visited the United States after World War II he was intrigued by football and sensed at once the relation between the tactical problems of the football field and battlefeld."—ED.

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BETSY SCHUMACKER

'I feel very much at home'

Two years ago Charley Batterman, swimming coach at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, was confronted with a coach's nightmare: one of the country's outstanding young swimmers, and an honor student in mathematics, turned out for the team—with no eligibility. The candidate was Betsy Schumacker, and MIT is by and large a man's world. Betsy, owner of a couple of regional records and an Olympic hopeful, has had to give up the idea of

varsity competition, but today holds down a unique position as the only girl diving judge in men's intercollegiate swimming.

Betsy, one of three swimming daughters of a Philadelphia corporation lawyer, keeps in training by early-morning workouts and by competing against the boys in practice. "I feel very much at home here," says Betsy. "The important thing is I'm getting the math training to teach and the swimming training to coach."

Look Who's Peeking in the Window!

Some intrepid Cambridge students pioneer a new route up a famous chapel—and keep a great and storied tradition very much alive

THE CLIMBERS painfully making their way up the stained-glass windows of Cambridge University's King's Chapel (right) are pioneers. What is more, they are breaking the rules. Some time ago authorities at the English university, alarmed at the popularity of night climbing—or stegophily (love of roofs), as its most avid adherents sometimes call their sport—ordered spikes and blocks to be installed in the chapel's chimney. They also warned that students caught circumventing these hazards would be "sent down," or, as Americans might put it, bounced.

As these pictures by an anonymous Cambridge undergraduate attest, rather than discourage the students the university strictures seem only to have inspired them to

continued



PICKING WAY up leading to stained-glass windows, climber seeks route to King's Chapel roof, the Everest of Cambridge.



WHEN LIBRARY route begins at first "pitch," to ledge known as Caster (1), swings right into chimney (2), and ascends to cloister terrace ledge (3). Climbers inch along (4) to "pitch of

Pollux" (5), clamber up "ornamentation climb," and, using head of gargoyle as firm footrest, haul up finally to roof (6). Ascent ends 70 feet up (7) with climbers embracing statues.

LOOK

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LOOK WHO'S PEEKING! continued

greater, more ingenious efforts. The Cantabrigians, who work in sneakers and generally without the aid of ropes, haven't found a new route yet—it is a climb of 80 feet—but they are acutely conscious of the traditions behind them and here give notice that they are of no mind yet to allow a great party to slide down the walls of history unchallenged.

Among other things, they would regret the diminution of the much-revered practical joke, an art form which—for better, but usually worse—is inextricably linked with stegophily. One daring group at Oxford, for instance, topped off a classic climb on the face of Martyn's Memorial by placing, in the words of *The Times* of London, "a domestic utensil much favored by past generations" on the topmost spire. At Cambridge, which is to stegophily what Notre Dame is to football, two umbrellas were deposited in 1932 on the pinnacles of Trinity College Chapel. They were duly shot down the following morning, but the next day two Union Jacks appeared in their place. With a cool obstinacy, the hired shotgun expert refused to fire upon the British flag. It cost the university the equivalent of \$200 in steeplejack fees to get the flags down.

Whether it is for such gay pranks



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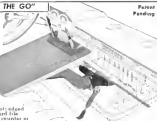
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sessment is recorded of the Old St. Paul's
Cathedral in Elizabethan times. Lord
Clive, conqueror of India, is said to
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and Lord Byron and Lawrence of
Arabia are reputed to have climbed
valourously at Cambridge and Oxford,
respectively. In more modern times

continued

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